THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1873 by the SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

1821. THE GREAT FAMILY PAPER FOR HALF A CENTURY. 1873.

Vol. LIII. THE SATURDAY POST PUBLISHING COMPANY, No. 319 Walnut Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1873. TERMS {$2.00 a Year in Advance. / Single Number, 5 Cents.} No. 10.

IN THE SHADOWS.

BY GLEN CAROL.

I sit with a child upon my knee,
And watch the moon rise, red and ripe—
While up the silver path of space
She steps full proudly, from star to star.

I think of the days that have slipt away,
So fast I never could count them o'er—
Diamonds whose sparkles I still can catch—
A mocking gleam of years no more.

Closer I crouch in the shadows kind,
Too fair the night and the scene for me!
I, who have nothing left but tears,
And the haunting ghost of a memory.

Wave still lower thy boughs, O tree!
Bend yet closer, sweet swaying vine—
Never a rose for you, nor me!
Yours have faded, and perished mine!

Blow, thou night-wind across my brow!
Cool the fever of this wild brain—
Ere morning brings on the mask I wear,
Let me sleep and dream, and forget, again!

A HIDDEN WRONG;

OR,

Too Trusting and Too Fair.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH MORRISON.

CHAPTER VII.

CLOUDS ARE GATHERING.

Marian was late; that night's business was unusually brisk with Miss Gauzewell for the time of year, and Marian had been late that morning, so she made no excuse for detaining her long after the working hours were over, helping to finish off some dresses that were to be sent home that evening.

Weary with close application, long fasting, and mental distress and anxiety, the poor girl turned homeward when all the lamps were lighted and shining in the sleety, windy streets.

Tea was over, though her mother had kept a cup hot, and was looking anxiously from the window for her appearance.

"I was afraid something had happened to you, Marian," she said, as her daughter came in. "I think I must be getting nervous, for every little thing startles me since Lucy went away. I keep listening as if I expected every one that comes near the door to bring me news of her."

"It isn't time for a letter yet," Marian found courage and self control to say, but she turned away so that her mother could not see in her changing face the effort it cost her to utter the words.

"Your father says so, but I'm impatient I suppose," Mrs. Barton answered with a sigh; then she added suddenly, "I didn't tell you that he had come home sick, feverish and miserable. Yes, he's gone up to bed, and I've given him a warm drink, hoping that he'll feel better in the morning, but I don't know how it will turn, he's very weak, and his cough is worse than I ever knew it before."

"Poor father," said Marian, tenderly. She held her cup of tea in her hand, but did not taste it; she was evidently thinking deeply. At length she said in a constrained voice, and with a visible effort: "I don't want to hurt Allan's feelings, mother, but don't you think it would be better if he allowed his studies to rest awhile and tried to help father? He might take his place and keep it while father rested and took some medicine that would strengthen him, or he might try to get a clerkship on his own account. I'm sure father needs care, and must stop working for a time at least."

"I wish it could be done," said Mrs. Barton, "but it is out of the question; your father says that Allan is to be a finished scholar let it cost what it may, and if his plan was interrupted or changed it would do him more harm than all the help it gave would do him good. No, no, Marian, your sister Lucy will soon be able to send home money, and we must get along as we can until she does."

Marian turned aside her face to conceal the effect of this allusion to her absent sister, and hearing a step in the outer hall was glad that Allan's return from his evening session would change the subject.

Her brother entered the room, followed by his friend Eugene Blanchard, and at sight of him Marian became still paler than she had been before, and rose hurriedly, as if her first instinct was to escape from his presence.

He, on the contrary, scarcely waited to salute her mother before advancing eagerly toward her. "I am so glad to have found you at home," he said, in a low, tender tone as soon as he had reached her side, "I am very anxious to speak to you."

She had sunk back into her chair as if from uncertainty, and with nervous hands had begun to busy herself with her sewing as soon as the first greeting was over.

He seated himself near her, while Allan and his mother talked of her father's attack, the lessons of the day, and the necessity for more books to complete the college course.

"I am very anxious to speak to you alone, Marian," repeated Eugene, softly, "and, as Allan kindly asked me to accompany him home, I seized the opportunity, hoping you would be willing to allow—"

"My father is not well to-night," she hastened to interrupt him by saying. "I—I— please don't expect me to be interested in anything else, for I am greatly distressed on account of his illness."

After her promise to his mother she was determined, if possible, to prevent any confidential words passing between them: every syllable he uttered made her inevitable task seem harder to her to perform.

MARIAN DISMISSED FROM THE DRESSMAKER'S ESTABLISHMENT ON A FALSE CHARGE.

"OH, SPARE ME!" PRAYED THE UNHAPPY GIRL IN GREAT DISTRESS, "WE ARE POOR AND CANNOT LIVE WITHOUT MY WORK, DO NOT DRIVE ME OUT IN THIS WAY!"

Eugene drew back wondering; it was not her words that surprised him, but the hard, forced tone in which they were spoken.

"I am sorry to hear of Mr. Barton's sickness," he said, kindly. "I noticed him looking pale and worn the last time I was here. Don't you think he needs a physician's advice?"

Mrs. Barton had left the room for an instant to answer her husband's weak call from above. Her return interrupted Eugene's words, for not observing that he was speaking, she came hastily up to Marian with a small vial in her hand.

"Your father's cough-drops are out, and he wants them renewed immediately," she said. "You know the prescription, Marian, for it was you who first got it, so please go at once, dear—he's a little impatient."

Marian rose instantly, and put on her shawl and bonnet.

"Let me go with you, it is getting late," urged Eugene, and Mrs. Barton forgetting his mother's injunction for the time, nodded approval.

"Do go, and see that she hurries, Mr. Eugene," she said, "for her poor father needs the medicine greatly."

Marian turned slightly as if to protest against his accompanying her, but apparently changing her mind, said:

"Thank you, I shall be glad to have you go with me;" and they both went out together.

When they were in the street, Marian walked on briskly, without speaking, for the first block, then she paused a moment and looked into her companion's face.

They stood beneath a street lamp, and by its light he saw that she was very pale and that her features wore a look of resolution that seemed born of acute pain.

"I have something that must be said to you, something that is hard to utter, yet must be spoken"—she paused a moment, and her faint voice, that scarcely obeyed her will, seemed to break in deep emotion—"Eugene, we have been friends since first we met," she continued, "but from to-night we must see each other as seldom as possible, and then only as strangers."

"Impossible," burst forth Eugene with an intensity that showed the ardor of the feeling that prompted his speech. "I have longed for an opportunity to see and talk with you alone, only that I might endeavor to pour out my heart to you more fully than our hampered intercourse has hitherto permitted me to do. You have long since guessed that you were the one supreme object of my love, my devotion. How could it be otherwise? until I saw you I was friendless, motiveless—no one to guide my ambition or awaken my energies. You came, and with you a new bright hope dawned for me in life; I felt that the dreaming discontent I had before indulged in must be cast aside forever, and an active struggle to realize the best that is in me begun. Yes, dear Marian, you have been my better angel, and led by you I have conquered the idleness of despair and really set out steadily on the highway to success. I have found a subject for my picture that is to be the result of my year of effort and study, I have sketched it already, and I only want your smile to light the canvas for me—"

"Eugene, Eugene," murmured the poor girl in heart-broken accents, "you are torturing me by your words. I must shut my ears against them, for such happiness is not for me."

He looked at her bewildered and dismayed.

"What can have come between us?" he asked; "something inexplicably strange has altered your views. I cannot believe you have been trifling with and deceiving me hitherto, and Marian, it was your kindness, your interest in me that taught me to hope—"

He broke off with a passionate outburst of emotion, and catching her hands in his drew her toward him.

"There is some trouble, some sorrow in your life that you will not let me share," he cried, "there can be no wrong, no evil—you are too good, too pure, too innocent for that!"

He looked closely at her; his eyes, large and full of their own inward light, seemed to flash an eager, half-suspicious, half-terrified look into her very soul.

The one blur on his nature, the want of confidence, and tendency toward distrust, that had sprung from the peculiar circumstances that marked his isolated life, for a moment darkened his whole face with the warring cloud of jealousy and suspicion.

"There is a secret," he said, "and you will not share it with me. I was deceived, you never cared for me, my hopes and dreams have been all in vain, my air-castle falls heavily, for my heart is crushed in its ruins."

He staggered as if he had endured a personal hurt, and his pale olive skin blanched to a deadly white.

Poor Marian's tongue was paralyzed. She knew his high estimate of woman's purity and family honor, and her sister's trouble rose like a spectre with its finger on its lip, and warned her to silence.

"His mother's threats and Lucy's shame divide us forever," she thought, and her own poor heart sank heavily in her bosom.

"Good-bye and God bless and prosper you, Mr. Eugene," she said, in a sobbing whisper, "*we are parted*, and it cannot ease the agony of separation to know by what power. It is enough that we must live and work asunder, I can say no more!"

He caught her in his arms as if in a desperate struggle against fate.

"You shall not go," he said, hoarsely. "I will not give you up—"

"You will give up nothing that you have begun," she urged earnestly, her unselfish soul conquering for the moment the pain of her desolation, "you will go on and up steadily and achieve all the bright future holds for you. For this will I watch and pray, and when you take the high place Heaven and your own genius has decreed for you—the great end will be gained, and these poor heart-throbs of misery will be forgotten."

"Never," exclaimed the artist. "I have no hope, no inspiration apart from you. I will discover this horrible secret that is dragging you from me. There can be no evil, no taint in one so true and pure. No, no—I am a wretch to harbor the thought, and nothing but sin and shame can divide us, Marian."

She broke from his arms with a passionate entreaty.

"Eugene, if you ever loved me let me go," she cried, "and seek to know nothing further of me or mine. The knowledge if gained would only bring harm and trouble to us both, and oh, I implore, I beseech you do not question or attempt to alter the destiny that lies before us. It is irrevocable. I have accepted my lot, yours lies before you, and the bright promise of success in your art must and shall console you. Eugene, farewell!"

The force and passion of her words and their vehement utterance carried conviction with them, so that for a moment the young man stood overcome by their sorrowful fervor and robbed of resistance. While he remained thus, she caught his hands in her own, pressed them both to her lips, and as she uttered her last passionate word turned and fled through the darkness of night.

She was lost to sight before he recovered from his stupor of surprise, and then he went on slowly, never turning to pursue her, but walking like one oppressed by a heavy weight of indefinable horror and dread.

He thought of the old house whose wretched tenantry Dr. Heatherton had spoken of, and wondered what the errand of such a girl as Marian Barton had been among such people.

What was this mystery she had allowed to come between them?

Did it leave any shadow on her? If not, why should it part them?

Oh, she could not love him; if she did, she could never thus wantonly condemn him to desolate torture, for what agony could equal that of suspense and fear that bordered on suspicion.

CHAPTER VIII.

TODD'S CRIB.

In the northwestern portion of the city stood a dingy house that had originally been a hotel, but was divided of late days into stores and dwellings, the largest and corner portion of which was occupied by a queer-looking old man, called Sam Todd, as an old iron and curiosity shop.

The house belonging to this business establishment was understood to be let out in lodgings, and there was a door at the right of the shop, in the vestibule of which hung a dirty lantern, with an inscription to that effect, while a smaller and less pretentious place of entrance on the other side opened on a narrow and dark stairway, leading directly to the range of rooms above.

In one of these, a good-sized and much more comfortably furnished chamber than the general appearance of the house seemed to warrant, sat Mrs. Worthy and her young charge one afternoon, a fortnight later than the doctor's visit to the downtown "crib."

Lucy was still an invalid, but the hopeless drooping of her eyes and the dreary gaze she fixed on vacuity when they were raised an instant from the ground, was far more noticeable than her pallor and weakness.

"You're getting along nicely, my dear," said old Meg, cheerfully. "I never saw a greater improvement than since we came up here a week ago; pretty soon we'll have your color back, and then you'll look all the more pretty for your sickness. You're a very pretty girl, you know, Lucy," she said, archly smiling and nodding her head.

Lucy turned her head away impatiently and uttered a half moan: she was not happy enough to receive flattery.

Mrs. Worthy, seated a little in the background, where she could observe the poor girl's face without being seen, cogitated for a little time with knitted brows, watching her young friend closely all the time.

At length she began to hum a pleasant tune and rally Lucy on her despondency.

"What a silly girl you are, my love, to lie there, trying to feel gloomy, when you have no occasion to do so," she said.

"No occasion!" cried the other, starting into a miserable energy, "no reason to yield to a despair that has overtaken and bound me in iron chains! Oh, wretched creature that I am, would to Heaven I had died with my poor little baby!"

"No, no, no," exclaimed Meg, bustling up with some perturbation, "that's foolish, that's wicked. No one ought to talk like that as long as there's a chance left, and you've got dozens. Why, you could make a fortune if you'd a mind to try—a fortune, do you hear? I'm sure there's somebody you'd like to make rich, even if you don't care for money on your own account."

Lucy ceased her sighing, and looked up with something like interest dawning in her eyes.

"A fortune," she repeated. "I could never hope for that; but I would like to work for money. I've been idle too long already, and there are those whom I owe it to—my mother and father. Oh, I would like to help them!"

"And so you shall, and grandly, too. You can soon send them a score of dollars where you ever gave them one before. You can win wealth as easily as you used to gain bare food for necessity—yes, and easier too. All you have to do is to grow well and strong again; all the rest will soon come natural."

Lucy had risen from her recumbent posture. She no longer looked pale and drooping. A sudden excitement had dyed her cheeks with color, and her eyes flashed brightly.

"That would be something to live for, even though hope has gone," she said. "Pray tell me how I can do it. Don't wait for me to grow stronger, the knowledge will make me well and strong. Oh, tell me, please."

She drew pleadingly near to Mrs. Worthy's side, and the good lady seemed to flinch for a moment from the pleading eyes raised so earnestly to hers.

She tried to laugh, and patted Lucy's delicate cheek tenderly as she said:

"Why, look in your glass, my beauty, and it will tell you one way. A face like yours is sure to win, and you've only got to use it wisely to succeed in anything you undertake."

"I do not understand you," Lucy said in a troubled tone, looking puzzled and distressed. "Even if I have good looks, no one is ever paid for being pretty."

"Pshaw!" cried Mrs. Worthy with a loud, coarse laugh. "My dear, you are such a goose." Then she drew Lucy's hand in hers, and began to pat it as she spoke. "Nothing's equal in this world, you know. Some have nothing, and others get all the luck and money too. Our trade is the justest one going—it equalizes things, divides property fairly and honestly. If one man has too much, and there's many a one has, you know, why, we arrange it for him, share it properly, relieve him of too great responsibility and all that. Do you see the trick, my pet?" and she looked rather anxiously into Lucy's perplexed eyes.

"Why, no, I cannot quite follow you," said the girl, slowly and hesitatingly.

"Oh, fudge," rejoined Mrs. Worthy, a little impatiently, "you want to be dull, or you would 'take' my meaning. Say, my girl," she added with a sudden appeal in her manner, "have I not been your friend from first to last, and can't you trust me? Didn't I nurse you through a hard time, and didn't I carry out every whim of your fancy, even to taking that mite of a baby to that out-of-the-way country place, where you said you were last spring, and didn't I let you see your sister once, though it was like running into danger to do it?"

"You were very good to me," said Lucy, "but you were angry when I sent the boy for my sister, because I thought I was going to die, and you took me away from the house I was sick in, lest I should see her again."

"Hem!" said Mrs. Worthy, "there was a reason for that, my child. Change is necessary sometimes—and it has done you good, too. But I've been your friend, and I mean to continue your friend still."

A sharp rap at the door interrupted her. She rose, unbolted it, and admitted Molly Dance, with no very pleased expression of countenance.

"So, so," cried Molly, entering with an easy swagger, "you're in a new cage, are you? Well, you're still the same old bird, ain't you, Mother Meg? And how is the fledgling, eh? Has she begun to fly and sing yet? Oh, horrors, I'm tired—and I want a successor; hurry up, old woman, hurry up!"

Saying this, Molly flung herself into a seat, and asked where little Pat was.

"I don't know, Molly," answered Meg, in a manner so deprecating and conciliatory, that any one who knew Mrs. Worthy's character could see that she was afraid of her reckless associate. "I suppose he's on his own 'lay;' and that's what Jim expects of him, you know."

"I want him to go with me," returned Molly, shortly. "I'm bound for New York on a plant of Jim's; and I get the horrors when I'm alone, so I want the boy."

"Jim will never consent to it," said Meg, shaking her head; "it won't do to mix business—the boy understands his own work, and you'll spoil him."

In a moment Molly flashed up like a fury. Her eyes gleamed like living coals, and her face became colorless with excitement.

"I'll have the boy, or I'll die for it!" she screamed, with an awful imprecation. "I'm not going to live this devils' life with nothing to cling to. I like the child, and where I go, he shall go, by —"

"Well, well, Molly dear, don't be nervous," cried Mrs. Worthy, who had grown white with fright at her companion's violence; "you shall do as you please—only don't be loud, my dear." And she looked with trepidation toward Lucy, to see the effect of the scene on her.

Molly laughed, a harsh, discordant laugh that seemed a croak of triumph.

"Of course I'll have my way," she said, "it's all that's left me to claim, and no one shall rob me of that. I'm going as a widow, a Spanish widow—and I've got my togs all packed," she continued, in her usual half-jesting tone. "I'm going to do it up grand, too, and bring home the 'swag' all correct—for somehow, Meg, I feel that this is my last job."

"Oh, Molly, you silly girl, don't be foolish," cried Mrs. Worthy, gayly, but tone and words were forced, and she looked at the woman appealingly, with a glance in the direction of Lucy.

Molly was not to be moved; she had one of her contrary fits upon her, and her words grew wilder, her laugh harsher, and her eyes flashed with a strange, reckless fire, as she proceeded to descant on her pending adventure. Yet, with all her excitement and loudness of manner, she kept a quiet eye on Lucy; and once, when old Todd coming to the door desired to speak to Meg, and that lady absented herself from the room a single instant, during that brief moment Molly found time to turn quickly to the sick girl and say—

"The life I lead, is the life in store for you, if you do not fly from it."

She had barely uttered the words when Meg returned—and after that her noisy spirit subsided, she sank back in her chair and gazed stupidly and gloomily before her for awhile, then yawning, declared that she would go home and go to bed, so as to stand the excitement of the trip better.

CHAPTER IX.

Marian Barton's heart was so heavy with sorrow, that had not the impetus of necessity driven her on in the path of duty and exertion, she would willingly have laid down to die that dreary night when she parted in despairing grief from her lover.

Her nature was so unselfish and noble that her sympathies were chiefly for him, and her firm belief in his bright future sustained her in the midst of this feeling. She was proud of his love, and neither misery nor dejection could rob its possession of delight.

"He loves me, he called me his hope, his inspiration," she repeated fondly to herself, even while she acknowledged the necessity of their parting. It could not be, she was not worthy of him, she thought; he had a grand career before him in which he would rise so high that the pain and disappointment of their present parting would be forgotten; but her life lay among the hard and narrow ways of poverty—aye, and something still worse. Lucy's sad fate must overhang hers also, and henceforth her duty was to help her parents and save her sister.

She had gone, she knew not where, but she believed Lucy would be true to her promise, and come back.

When they had met, the poor wanderer believed herself dying, and bitterly lamented that her lips were sealed with an oath, so that she could not tell the story of her sorrow to Marian. She confessed that in the first madness of her despair she had sought death as a refuge—but, she should seek it no more, she said; she was resolved to face life, and try to fight her way back to peace and usefulness, if her sister would only help her, and keep her secret.

Oh how readily, how eagerly Marian promised, and how hopefully she talked to the poor wounded creature who still lay trembling between life and death. And oh, how she longed to take her in her own strong arms and bear her away to their own little sacred bed-room, where the strange, bad-looking people that surrounded her should never come, but Lucy's one prayer to her was, that her se-

cret might be kept from those at home. They must have time to act; Lucy must recover—and some feasible excuse for leaving for New York must be found, she said; the bare mention of confessing and throwing herself on her parents' mercy, turned the unhappy girl faint and shuddering; and Marian felt that to rescue her at all, she must yield to her own plan.

That one interview was all she had been able to secure, but as they parted, Lucy had whispered a promise to come to her, on which the unhappy sister was forced to rely. When she went to the old house again she was told that "the young lady had gone to the country," and that was all.

But Marian could not grieve or languish idly, the world was full of duty for her, and her busy hands saved her aching heart and brain by dividing the work with them.

Miss Gauzewell was uncommonly busy, and her forewoman, Miss Friller, who had hitherto relied on Marian Barton as one of her steadiest hands, was obliged to complain to her principal about the mistakes in trimming the poor girl had made in the last fortnight.

"I really believe she's in love," she said, laughing, "for half the time she starts when you speak to her and turns deadly pale, besides she's had to sit up three nights this week altering flounces that she put on wrong, and her eyes are all swollen and red, so that she's really not fit to work to-day."

"That's odd," said Miss Gauzewell, who was just putting on her furs ready to start out for trimmings needed in customers' work. "She used never to make a mistake. Something must be wrong. Suppose we try her in the show-room to-day, let her fix up the boxes and cases and attend to callers while the other girls do her work."

So it came about that Marian, whose eyes refused to aid her in sewing, thankfully found herself relieved for the day and allowed to move about among the dress goods, an occupation much more in unison with her restless feelings.

She had just arranged everything in her orderly way, when a certain lady, Mrs. Lester by name, whom she knew to be among her employer's wealthiest patrons, appeared at the door, accompanied by her footman carrying a parcel.

"I want to see Miss Gauzewell particularly on the subject of this mauve silk," the lady said when Marian told her of her employer's absence, "but perhaps Miss Friller will do as well if you will be good enough to call her," which Marian hastened to do.

Then Mrs. Lester related her difficulty, to which the obsequious forewoman listened deferentially.

"There is a short pattern of my silk, Miss Gauzewell has written to me, and I have telegraphed to Stewart's and find it cannot be matched; it was a pattern, and if you have cut the skirt there is nothing left for me to do," said the lady in a despairing tone.

Miss Friller expressed the most intense grief and remorse, but the whole dress was cut except part of the upper skirt and sleeves for which the new material was needed.

"I found the lace easily. Miss Gauzewell wanted four yards more," Mrs. Lester continued, "but the material cannot be matched, and I am in despair and perplexity. What can I do?"

Her distressed tone roused Marian from her painful abstraction, she looked at the rich and beautiful silk a moment and then seemed struck with a sudden recollection.

"I think you can match it, Miss Friller," she said. "I this morning found a small parcel in one of the boxes which reminds me of that."

"Oh, pray, let us compare it," cried Mrs. Lester, eagerly. "I am really at a loss to know what I shall do with the dress if I cannot match it by some lucky chance."

Miss Friller made a quick movement of objection which was not seen by Marian, and the next instant the unconscious girl had sprung upon a chair, reached down and opened a green box, producing from it a remnant of rich mauve-colored silk, folded so as to inclose a few yards of lace of a rare quality which fell out as soon as it was opened.

"This is mine," exclaimed Mrs. Lester, in a tone of mingled astonishment and suspicion, "see, it is the very quantity Miss Gauzewell said she needed to complete the dress, and here is part of my lace cut off the original pattern in the same manner. I would be glad to have this explained, Miss Friller," she added, turning with some severity toward that lady who had changed color rapidly, and now stood biting her lips and trembling with excitement and anger.

"You will please to wait until Miss Gauzewell returns, Mrs. Lester," she said, glancing wickedly at Marian, who seemed quite aghast at the scene her discovery had made. "I do not wish to take responsibilities in the proprietor's absence. I only say that the young woman who found this silk is the only one who can tell how it got there."

Mrs. Lester looked steadily at Marian for a moment, and then asked—

"Who received the full pattern when my maid brought it here last Thursday?"

"I think it was I," said Marian, slowly. "I happened to be here for an hour or two that afternoon, and I remember the servant said I was to give it to Miss Gauzewell to be cut out immediately."

"But you did not do so," said Miss Friller, sharply, "the dress did not come into the work-room until Friday morning, I can prove that by the girls there."

"Miss Gauzewell was engaged, and I waited till she came in and then gave it to her an hour or two later," Marian said.

"An hour or two," repeated Miss Friller, scornfully, "time plenty for mischief, as you can easily see, Mrs. Lester. Oh, why did I not measure the pattern before I touched it with the scissors, then this theft would have been detected and all this trouble and delay spared, but here comes Miss Gauzewell, she will settle this business, though it will be a great shock to her, for it is her rule to have none but honest people around her."

Miss Friller stepped forward as she spoke, and met her principal in the hall, where she uttered a few words in a hasty whisper, and then re-entered, relating the story of the missing silk and its discovery, in a very cunning and distorted manner, contriving to make Marian assume the attitude of a culprit.

The young girl listened in amazed indignation, and seemed for the moment actually deprived of the power of speech in her own defence.

"Oh, how could you?" exclaimed Miss Gauzewell, in a shocked tone; and with intense expressions of regret and obsequious excuses, she turned to Mrs. Lester, who met her with an air of quiet incredulity.

"Be good enough to give my servant the dress, I shall have nothing more done about it at present," she said, decidedly; and continuing her polite protestations and overwhelming excuses, Miss Gauzewell was obliged to comply and follow her patron to the door, while Miss Friller made a parcel of the dress and material for the waiting footman.

"We will investigate this unfortunate affair thoroughly, Mrs. Lester," the dressmaker said; "it is the first thing of the kind that ever occurred in our establishment, and we will spare no pains to prevent a repetition. I sincerely hope we shall be able to explain it satisfactorily to you."

Mrs. Lester bowed coolly and took her seat in her carriage. As she drove off Miss Gauzewell re-entered the show-room pale with anger and excitement.

"Now tell me how this thing happened?" she demanded, and Marian, who had begun to understand the forewoman's wicked trickery, interposed to prevent her wrongful narration.

She told Miss Gauzewell that in arranging the boxes of trimmings and materials, she had that morning happened to see the remnant of silk, the peculiar color of which attracted her.

Some hours later, hearing Mrs. Lester speaking of the difficulty she had found in matching her dress, the similarity in shade had struck her mind, and she had produced the piece from the box without a suspicion of what would follow. She expressed her regret at the consequences of her innocent act, but indignantly protested against the suspicion Miss Friller had tried to cast on her, and called on her employer to defend her from such an unworthy imputation.

While she spoke she was too much engaged by her own feelings to notice the looks of meaning passing rapidly between the two, so she was taken by surprise at the tone of the dressmaker, who sorrowfully but firmly begged her to drop the foolish effort she was making to defend herself and confess her fault.

"We will keep it quiet, and you shall retain your place and our friendship, Marian," said she, earnestly; "all we ask is that you admit to the lady, who is our best customer, and whose favor your wicked act has robbed us of, that you committed the silly deed. See, you shall write to her—we are willing to do all we can to spare your feelings, and if you attend to this at once all shall be forgotten and forgiven."

"What, confess that I stole part of Mrs. Lester's silk and lace!" exclaimed Marian, indignantly. "Never—I should starve before I could be guilty of such an act, and why then should I say I did it?"

"What, you are hardened enough to deny it, are you?" cried Miss Gauzewell, growing very red and beginning to storm. "With all the proof of your ill-contrived theft before us, do you attempt to deny it and add falsehood to your other sin?"

"It would be a falsehood if I did not protest against your wicked suspicion," cried Marian. "If I had done such a thing, would I have been the first to produce the silk?"

"That was when she knew it must soon be discovered, you know," suggested the forewoman, malignantly; "but why do you act so mercifully? It's thrown away on her. Call an officer, Miss Gauzewell, and give her in charge."

Marian uttered an involuntary cry of alarm at this dreadful suggestion, and clasped her hands in supplication.

"She fully deserves that I should," said the dressmaker, who seemed to fear to press matters too far; "but one thing I can do, and will this moment." She advanced toward the weeping and terrified girl, and looking her in the face for the first time, said in a concentrated tone—"Now listen and take your choice; either write an admission of your guilt—for no one but Mrs. Lester to see, remember—or leave this house, never to return or be employed by me again. You need money, I know, and when this door closes on you, so will every respectable establishment of the kind in town, for I'll take care that your character is known to others as well as us. Have you decided?"

"Oh, spare me!" prayed the unhappy girl, in great distress, "we are poor, and cannot live without my work; do not drive me out in this way. I have always tried to serve you well—and will always do my very best!"

"Will you write the note to Mrs. Lester—or sign it after my writing?"

"No! No! I cannot, it is impossible."

"Then begone, and never set your face in this establishment again," said Miss Gauzewell.

She called one of the girls from the work-room, to bring Miss Barton's hat and coat; and counting out the small portion of the week's wages still due her, spoke out in a voice, meant to reach her startled and curious fellow-workers, as she pushed the money toward her, and pointed to the door—

"Leave us as soon as possible—we cannot harbor so bold an offender a moment longer. You have thrown away your opportunity for repentance, and prefer to abide the consequences of your wicked act. So it is my duty to preserve my employees from contact with dishonesty, and at the same time prevent further loss of my patrons' goods."

With an ineffectual effort to assert her innocence, Marian found herself thrust into the hall by the spiteful forewoman, who immediately closed the door in her face, shutting her out in the world without means, and with an unjust accusation hanging like a threatening cloud above her poor young head.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ROMANCE OF OLD COURT LIFE IN FRANCE. By FRANCES ELLIOTT, author of "The Diary of an Idle Woman," &c. Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

NINA'S ATONEMENT, AND OTHER STORIES. By CHRISTIAN REID, author of "Morton House." Published by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y.; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

MRS HALE'S NEW COOK BOOK. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

BELLEWOOD AND BONDAGE. By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS, author of "The Old Countess," &c. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

Shakspeare's Women.

Shakspeare's women convey some of the finest and profoundest of philosophic truths; but he never drew a professed philosopheress—a female philosopher. Shakspeare's women never sit down to philosophize, are never pragmatical philosophers; but from their lips flow sentiments of loving wisdom, out of the depths of their own sweet natures, and as the mere necessary effects of their own purity and rectitude. They are wise because they are good; they are clear-seeing because they are high-minded; their judgment is a part of their right heart. Womanly generosity gives them noble views, womanly delicacy gives them refined ideas. We see in nature many instances of gentle disposition supplying tact and understanding. There are some people with such sweet-natured hearts that these put fine inspirations into their minds, and produce ideas which seem the growth of a noble intellect.

THE WHITE LADY;
OR,
The Brierton Mystery.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SUB-LIEUTENANT MAKES HIMSELF UNDERSTOOD.

Dolly felt weak and weary when she rose the morning after her husband's departure; but she tried hard to keep up her spirits.

"I must be foolish if I cry," she said, with the tears streaming down her face, "when it is only for three days."

And then, just to prove that she was wonderfully happy, she made her toilette with care, fixing a blue ribbon jauntily on her fair braids, and placing a bow at her white neck.

She had no brooch—not a single ornament; still she could adorn herself in this simple fashion, and enjoy her own pale loveliness as seen in the dingy little glass.

Then she tidied the room, freshening the bouquet of wild flowers by sprinkling some water over them, and sat down at the window with her work.

In happier days, Dolly's face had somewhat lacked expression; but sorrow had beautified and etherealized it strangely. The eyes had gained depth and shadow, the lips sweetness, although it was a beauty that made you tremble, it was so frail and unearthly.

She forced herself to sing as she worked, just to favor the fiction that she was remarkably cheerful and content, and was crooning out a little ballad, rather forlornly, if the truth must be told, when the door opened, and the old woman of the house announced "A visitor for madame."

"A visitor for me? Impossible!" exclaimed Dolly; but he was in the room by this time, and bowing elaborately, with his regimental cap in his hand.

Now a French officer, somehow, is an utter failure out of uniform; and Mons. Achille Lecour being conscious of this fact, went fully equipped, even to his sword, when he called upon a lady whom he wished to captivate.

Dolly half rose, made a polite little curtsey, and then resumed her seat; her eyes showing that she was puzzled to account for the honor of this visit.

The sub-lieutenant proceeded to explain that he had often had the honor of playing *écarté* with her husband, for whom he entertained the liveliest regard and respect, especially since he had had the felicity of seeing madame.

Dolly responded with a cool "Indeed!"

"Only," added the sub-lieutenant, nothing daunted by the coldness of his reception, "his luck is really abominable—a fact easily accounted for now. Perhaps you do not know our French proverb which says that he who is happy in his home is unhappy at cards?"

Dolly had never heard it.

Mons. Achille, who had not waited for an invitation to seat himself, drew his chair a trifle closer, and took the liberty of admiring Dolly's flowers.

"Do you like roses?" he said.

Dolly was fain to confess that she did.

"My mother's cottage is covered with them," he added. "I will bring you an armful to-morrow if you will allow me?"

Dolly did not see how she could reject this simple attention without appearing absurdly prudish and particular. She, therefore, thanked him, and said it would be a great treat.

The sub-lieutenant was delighted beyond measure. But he, no doubt, thought it advisable not to spoil the good impression he had evidently created by making his first visit too long; for he rose presently, and bowed himself backward to the door, kissing his hand with fervor when he was well out of sight.

The next morning he presented himself again; or, rather, the roses presented themselves, for Dolly had no eyes for anything but them.

They would brighten the room so delightfully when Will came home.

It would have done the sub-lieutenant good to know that the giver was entirely lost sight of in the gift; but this did not strike him, evidently; for at every compliment to the roses, he tightened his waist-band, and smoothed his mustache, and looked unutterable things at the unconscious Dolly.

The next morning he came again.

"I am expecting my husband home this evening," said Dolly, with naive delight. "We shall be moving into better apartments to-morrow—where, I hope, you will often oblige us with your company. My husband will want his revenge."

To Dolly's utter surprise and consternation, Mons. Achille suddenly dropped on his knees.

"You will not remain here to receive him?" he said, in a tragical tone.

"Why not?"

"Because you love me!"

Dolly burst out laughing.

"Indeed, I don't love you at all. I love my husband, and no one but him!"

"Then you have been deceiving me, unhappy woman!"

"I never said I loved you, sir," she answered, scornfully.

"But you implied it."

"Because I accepted your roses, I presume?"

And with more spirit than could have been expected of her, she went to the table, gathered them together in both hands, and tossed them out of the window.

"There," she said, indignantly; "that is how I would treat you if I were a man."

The sub-lieutenant got on his feet then, and began to complain angrily that it was all a trick to rob him.

"What do you mean?" flashed Dolly. "Do you count your miserable roses such a wonderful gift?"

"I lent your husband money, on purpose to get rid of him; and what have I gained?"

"Not as much as you deserve, assuredly."

"Never mind," he muttered, fiercely. "I will have my revenge. As soon as your husband sets foot in Dixreuil, I will have him arrested for debt."

Dolly smiled disdainfully.

"Don't be afraid; you will get your money." (And he did.) "You are the last person in the world to whom my husband would care to be indebted, after he knows all."

"That's very fine."

"I'm not aware that it is particularly fine; but I know what is particularly mean."

"You mean me, madame?"

"With a person of your penetration, a mere hint should suffice."

The little Frenchman nearly choked with rage; and his sufferings were the more intense that his belt was much too tight to allow him to seek relief in action.

Dolly's evident amusement was the last drop in his full cup, and he rushed out, muttering, tragically, that he would have his revenge.

But his threats did not frighten her. Her husband would be home in a few hours now, and this blessed hope made all things endurable.

Dolly had never moved out after sunset since she had seen the apparition of the White Lady; but this evening, her impatience and longing to see her husband being so great, she walked half-way down the lane, and stood there almost panting with excitement and suspense.

It struck eight whilst she was waiting, and poor Dolly sighed in her disappointment—she thought it had been at least ten.

"He can't be here yet, then," she said, to herself. "I may as well go in."

She cast a timid glance toward the old chateau before turning; for she had heard from her landlady, the legend, how a certain Dame de Dixreuil, murdered, by her husband, for the sake of a younger rival, haunted still, in spite, the place where she had suffered so cruelly in the flesh.

Dolly had laughed this story to scorn at first: she did not laugh now. It seemed to her that the vision she had seen, with its colorless features, and large, luminous eyes, could have no place in this world. Here Dolly prayed that she might never see her again; but to-morrow they would leave Dixreuil. Her husband would be only too glad to get back to Paris, now that even the sub-lieutenant had failed him, and there would be no one to help him through his idle hours.

As Dolly looked she fancied she saw something white glisten athwart the shadow that gathered about the old ruins, but she did not stay to make sure.

She was coward enough to prefer the doubt to a painful certainty.

She sat at the window with the moon shining on her pale face, listening for the clock, which seemed so long—so very long in striking the hours.

Nine—ten—eleven—twelve. *One.*

And still no sign of her husband.

"He ought to be here now," she said, within herself; and then she gave a sudden, joyful cry—"There he is!—oh, Will!" and was rushing down to meet him at the door, when she was arrested by a scoffing laugh.

It was the sub-lieutenant, after all.

As his object certainly was to annoy and distress her, Dolly took care that he should not have the satisfaction of knowing that he had succeeded. She, therefore, quietly resumed herself, taking care that her attitude should not show the inward pain that was gnawing at her heart-strings.

But the little officer had played his trump-card, and so went off with an insolent swagger, trying to look very formidable, but failing signally in the attempt. Dolly could have laughed, only that she was so sorrowful. She knew there would be no train from Paris now until the morning; but she waited up until three, with the dim hope that her husband might walk, out of pity to her impatience.

But when the last hour struck solemnly through the silence, she gave in, and crept to bed, all white and shivering from the chill of the night air.

After a while she fell asleep, and had a terrible dream. Wild Will was in prison, trying to break through the bars to reach her—struggling, gasping, calling on her in accents of passionate love and despair; and in the midst of this, whilst his cry was still in her ear, she saw faintly, as through a gathering mist, the beautiful face of the White Lady. And then the earth seemed to fade gradually; the air was full of melodious murmurs, as of angels' voices. A sense of gladness, light, freedom, took possession of her, as she floated upwardly, softly toward the calm heavens, welcoming her joyfully through myriad star-eyes.

Dolly awoke suddenly, before the glory was realized; and it might have been the gates of death she had been journeying toward, she was so faint and weary.

Fortunately, there was some cordial in the room, and Dolly, who was really frightened at the state she found herself in, crawled to the table, and drank off rather a large dose for one unaccustomed to anything of the kind.

But it revived her wonderfully. The blood went tingling back through her exhausted frame, and glowed warm to her finger-ends.

She lay down again, and slept; but, happily, she had no more dreams.

The day passed drearily in watching and waiting, and night came round again. The little officer was once more at his post, but Dolly did not see him. She sat at the table, with her Bible open before her, trying to find some words of comfort there to help out her own endurance.

Another morning dawned, another, and another. Dolly no longer hoped now; she accepted her fate. Wild Will had tired of his toy, and deserted her. She had sinned grievously, and this was her just punishment; she had no reason to complain, only it was hard to bear.

She had been so cherished at home, so beloved. Nothing had been too good for the old man's darling, and now she was dying alone, destitute, in a foreign land.

There would be no kind arms to welcome her child, no gentle bosom for its head to rest upon. Its possible fate, born amongst strangers, of a poor mother whose very name was unknown, filled poor Dolly with such pangs of terror, that she lifted up her voice in a bitter cry that it might die with her, and never see the light of this evil world. She had thought herself utterly friendless; but providence is good. Toward night of this last terrible day, when Dolly had been lying almost delirious from anguish of both mind and body, there came a gentle tap at the door.

"Enter," she answered, in French, thinking it must be her landlady.

Instead of that, a kindly, shrewd, brisk little Frenchwoman, in a red turban, accepted the invitation.

"I heard that you were ill, my dear," she said, in very good English; "and I have been so much among your people, that I thought I might come and see if I could be of use."

"Heaven be praised!" murmured Dolly, and in the fervor of her gratitude she seized the wrinkled hand, and pressed it against her fevered lips. "I thought I should die, and all alone!"

"But you are not going to die, my dear. Old Manon will see about that. Let me smooth your pillow a bit."

And lifting the golden head on her arm, she patted and poked at the hard pillow until it was certainly a trifle more comfortable. Then she let Dolly fall gently back, and proceeded to empty a basket she had put upon the table.

"You must have something to take at once," she said, very decidedly. "I'll be bound you have neither eaten nor drank all day."

Dolly shook her head.

"I hadn't the heart."

"Ah! that's just how you foolish young folks throw away the good gift of health. Why hadn't you the heart?"

"Please don't ask me."

"My dear," said old Manon, with infinite compassion, "I think I know; but this isn't the time to moralize or give good advice. Take care of yourself; get well as soon as you can: and then you shall bear old Manon's mind, and a few words of good counsel into the bargain."

Dolly understood her at once, and with a burning blush showed Manon her wedding-ring. She was thankful now that, in all their necessities, she had never parted with that.

Old Manon had the sense to conceal her surprise, and took the tone of having believed this all along.

She warmed some of the broth she had brought, put a little wine into it, and gave it to Dolly, putting more zeal into her service now she found that she had an honest woman to deal with, though she had been ready to act a Christian's part before.

When the shadows began to fall, Dolly, whose thoughts were such despairing company, begged the old woman earnestly not to leave her.

"I shall die if you do," she said, in her piteous young voice; and the pathetic eyes backed the prayer of her lips. "If you had a daughter, Manon, you would feel more sorry for me."

"Poor heart! How could I be more sorry than I am now? Just let me run home—I will be very quick—and then I can stay with you all night."

"Have you any one there waiting for you, then?"

Manon glanced at her sharply and searchingly, before she answered, quietly, "My husband has been dead twenty years, and I never had a child."

"Yes, but you might live with a friend, you know," persisted Dolly, just for the sake of talking, perhaps.

"I have no friends," answered old Manon, stoically. "The poor have generally to do without."

"But isn't it lonely sometimes on winter nights, when it gets dark early, and the wind keeps moaning outside?"

"If you keep me talking here, I sha'n't get back till midnight," said Manon, abruptly. And she caught up her basket and hurried out, turning at the door to smile encouragingly on her young charge.

Much sooner than Dolly had dared to hope, she was back again, and this time the basket brought grapes.

How grateful the cool fruit was to Dolly's parched throat all through that weary night no words can describe.

She did not sleep even for a minute, but her big, earnest eyes seemed never tired of watching old Manon, turning from the clear, bright profile under the red bandana to its shadow on the opposite wall.

"Manon," she said, once, curiously, "do you believe in ghosts."

"No," answered the old woman, gravely and firmly. "Do you?"

"I didn't once; but I have seen one since I came here."

"What was it like?"

And there was an amused smile on Manon's shrewd lips.

"It was the White Lady of the legend."

"That is odd, too; because I have lived on the spot, and slept in the very room even where it was said she died, and I have never seen a sign of her yet."

"Perhaps you go to bed early, shut up your eyes, and never open them again until the morning?"

"Of course I do!"

"Then how can you see anything?"

Dolly's logic was unanswerable, and old Manon laughed, and turned the subject.

But it seemed as the dream of last night dwelt strangely in Dolly's mind, for, after a long interval, she said again:

"Don't you think they have made up about the White Lady, in order to frighten people?"

"Very like," answered old Manon dryly.

"Then it is a wicked shame, that's all!" cried Dolly, in an excited tone. "And such people deserve to be punished."

"The people who invent these stories, you mean?"

"No; that's only foolish. But when they dress themselves so as to personate a ghost, and show mysteriously at night, that is downright cruel."

"My dear little lady," said Manon, very decidedly, "somebody has filled your pretty head so full of the old legend, that you will never be alone at dusk for a long while to come without fancying you see the spirit of the unhappy Dame de Dixreuil. I can imagine what the effect would be of thinking about it so much. It is just the same with the villagers—only that they are ignorant, and cannot help being superstitious, whilst you are educated to know better. I tell you, I never see any one, natural or supernatural, who answers the description, and I live among the ruins like a hermit in his cell."

"Always alone?" said Dolly.

She was thinking of the child promised, who would be born into a desolate world: but Manon did not know that, for she answered, rather impatiently, "I tell you the poor have no friends!"

"And that makes it so very sad!" replied Dolly, still following out her own thoughts.

"I don't know that. I don't look very miserable, my dear."

"But you had a mother, Manon; and you saw her, and knew her a little while, perhaps; and perhaps your father was kind to you, too?"

"Well, he was kind enough to leave me, which was the best thing he could do. As to my mother, I remember that she beat me very often—to scourge the evil one out of me, lest I should inherit my father's sins. I suppose that was good for me, too; but, my faith! it wasn't a pleasant beginning!"

"Then you left her as soon as you could?"

"No; I worked for her until I got married: it was my duty."

"But you were happy with your husband?" said Dolly, who could not bear to believe that any one had been so miserable as she was.

"For one year. I sometimes wish he had beaten me, too, like my mother; and then I should have sorrowed for him less."

"Oh, but, Manon, you would not give up your bright memories, would you?"

"No, my pretty one—no; they are all the comfort I have in my dull old age."

They were silent then; but presently old Manon found that the poor child was weeping under the coarse sheet, as if her heart would break. She went and knelt beside her, and spoke such prayerful words of comfort that poor Dolly could not help telling her all her sad story.

Manon listened attentively all through. When Dolly had sobbed out the very last word, she stooped forward and kissed her between the brows.

"Dear heart!" she murmured; "I cannot believe that he has basely forsaken you—something has detained him. He will be here to-morrow, perhaps."

"Say that again, dear Manon;" and a sudden spark of hope quickened in Dolly's dim eyes. "If it is true, I shall live."

"You will live in any case, my dear."

"Not without hope—"

"But even if he stays to-morrow, what shall hinder his coming the next day?"

"It would be too late."

"You mustn't encourage these gloomy thoughts, my pretty one," said old Manon, gently. "Women have need of great patience in their lives; but the reward always comes sooner or later."

"Do you think the White Lady was rewarded for all she suffered?"

"Bless the child!" cried Manon; "she can only talk of one thing! You must wish you had never come to Dixreuil?"

"No, I don't, Manon; the White Lady will take Will out of his prison one day. I sha'n't be there to see it; but I shall know, sha'n't I?—up there, where the stars shine. When once you have passed them, you are wonderfully wise, and so beautiful! They are only eyes to us, because they are so far away; but when you get nearer, they sing and smile, Manon. I have seen and heard it myself—in my dreams."

"Her head wanders," thought Manon, compassionately. "Poor little one, she is too young, and tender, and weak, to understand any patience but the patience of despair?"

But aloud she said, "The stars are beautiful, my dear; but so is the good earth. You must try and stay with us yet awhile."

"I will stay, if he comes."

"You will have something very sweet to live for soon, my dear."

Dolly gave a wistful little sigh.

"You will get me some fresh flowers and make my poor room bright to-morrow, Manon, won't you?"

"That I will!"

"But not roses, dear, please—I don't like them now. Lilies—all lilies, with a little green amongst them; and then they'll do to place upon my bosom if I die!"

She closed her eyes then, and spoke no more until the gray dawn came stealing through the curtains; when she cried to Manon to open the window wide, and let her see the new day.

"It may be the last I shall ever welcome here!" she said, pathetically; "and it is so sweet to hear the birds' drowsy song. Do you think they have any cares?"

"It must be a sore grief to them, surely, when they come home eager at night, to find that cruel hands have robbed their nests?"

"Only that they forget soon."

"How do we know that? We pretend to think so, because it suits our purpose; but we have no proofs."

"Would they sing if they weren't happy?"

"It may be their way of crying," said old Manon, who had a good deal of poetical feeling.

"Then I will try to sing next time I want to cry," said Dolly, plaintively. "Perhaps it will do me as much good, and it might save my eyes."

"That's right, my pretty!" answered the old woman, cheerily. "Just think how good God is, and then singing will come most natural of anything."

Dolly sat straight up in bed, and looked at old Manon earnestly through her hollow, bright eyes.

"I shall sing up there, only you won't hear me then."

"Foolish child!" cried the Frenchwoman, wiping away a furtive tear. "I tell you you've got to live!"

"How beautifully the day is breaking!" said Dolly, with a rapt look, etherealizing the pallor of her face. "I don't think we notice these things enough when we are well."

And then she patted the chair at her bedside with a sweet persuasiveness; and when Manon accepted the invitation, and sat down Dolly put her young arms about the wrinkled neck, and, sweeping aside all the gold of her hair, let her white cheek rest on the other's bosom.

"Now," she said, with a little air of being master whether the other liked it or not. "I am going to talk."

"Why, my dear, that's nothing new, is it?"

"But this is to be serious talk, Manon."

"Was the other meant to be very lively, then?"

"You know what I mean, and it's rude to interrupt!" exclaimed Dolly, with pretty imperiousness. "Business is business, you know."

Old Manon was very grave indeed.

"That will do. Now we'll begin. You see that box there, Manon?"

Manon nodded.

"Well, that is full of important papers, which will show who I am, and all about me. I wrote a little letter to my father yesterday, and directly I am gone—if I die—you are to send it, and he will come at once (he is so good, Manon), and see me buried, and take charge of my child, supposing it lives. I know I may trust it to you until then—mayn't I?"

"That you may," answered old Manon—and there were tears in her voice—"the good God permitting."

"There is a little debt owing—he will see about it there—to Lieutenant Desloges—which I am sure he will pay. And now I have nothing more to think of. Only, let me kiss you, dear, please?"

And the sweet, childish lips were raised to the old woman's, tenderly.

"You have been so kind to me, Manon, and I love you so much. If I were to live, you should never say again that you had no friends."

"Poor, pretty, innocent darling!" thought old Manon. "What hearts of iron there must be in the world if she dies of despair! And I suppose there is no help!"

Dolly did not speak of her husband all that day; but old Manon noticed that at any sound outside she would lift her head eagerly to listen, and then let it fall back on the pillow again, with a weary sigh.

If she had not won Manon before, her brave patience would have won her now. As the hours went on, her hold on life became frailer and feebler—even Manon was forced to own that; and yet she never once murmured.

She babbled of home and dear old papa, at times, brokenly—as if her mind were drawn back to the old place and old ties by the bitterness of the future; but if her heart condemned the man who had deserted her in her hour of anguish, her loyal lips were mute.

The night fell at last, misty and starless, and the clock, whose strokes Dolly had counted so often, struck ten, solemnly, out in the gloom.

Manon, who had been sitting silently at the bedside, rose then, and lighted a candle.

As the light fell on Dolly's face, she could hardly suppress a cry, for the shadow was there that comes but once, and is so soon smoothed away by the cold hand of death.

She poured some brandy through the cold lips, and Dolly, recognizing her, smiled, and kissed the hand that tended her so kindly.

But her mind wandered again in a minute, and she asked, mysteriously, with her mouth at Manon's ear, if the White Lady were coming yet; adding, emphatically, "She had better be sent for; it's time."

The doctor had paid two or three visits in the course of the day, and Dolly had treated him with formal courtesy, apologizing for her poor room, and begging him to notice her lilies; but this time, when he came, she held out both her hands, saying, very sweetly and softly, "You were sure to be in time, dear—I knew that all along. You needn't tell me who managed it all, for I know. She will be here presently, Will, won't she? I shall like just to thank her before I go to sleep."

Manon whispered to the doctor of Dolly's mistake, and prayed him not to undeceive her.

"No, no!" he muttered, under his breath. "Heaven forbid!"

About three o'clock, Dolly's child was born into the world; but she was far beyond realizing the sweet new sense of maternity by this time.

In vain Manon told her of a mother's joys, and nestled the little head into her bosom. Dolly was drifting away, and was too far off to hear or heed.

Manon moved the child then, and stood over her, with the tears raining fast down her wrinkled cheeks.

Dolly lay quite still, the breath halting on her pale lips, her eyes fast closed. But suddenly she opened them wide, and fixed them on the window, where a solemn figure seemed to stand out against the mist clearly, and sprang up with a joyful cry.

"The White Lady! the White Lady! Now I can go to sleep, Will."

And she fell back on the pillow, dead.

An hour later, the shadow of the White Lady still hovered about the dead girl; but when day dawned, it was gone, and Dolly lay in placid sleep, with the lilies in her hands and hair.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 8.)

THE HEIR OF GLENDALE;

OR, THE

Jewel with the Serpent Setting.

BY FRANK CARROLL,

AUTHOR OF "JOHN PARMORE'S PLOT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN OUTSIDE MEETING AT GLENDALE.

Dusky Sol was surprised to find himself left alone by his visitor, after what had passed between them. He was convinced that this person was a disguised officer, and that their conversation would end in an arrest.

Nor was he by any means as strongly determined to brave investigation as he professed. He went on the principle of keeping his secrets till the last moment, but that he would endanger his liberty, or peril his precious neck, for the purpose of keeping faith with any one else, was not in Sol's idea of the eternal fitness of things.

He had been more than surprised. He was astounded, thunderstruck, by the complete information as to his movements possessed by the stranger. He had imagined that he had acted with such caution throughout as to have left no track by which he could be followed.

Yet here was this man quietly following him, step after step, through the actions of months, and able, when ready, to walk into what he supposed his present place of concealment. The soldier had avoided mention of Sol's visit to The Shades, so that he was utterly at a loss to conjecture how his hiding-place had been discovered.

One thing had not been touched upon, even remotely; Henry Ogden's name had not been mentioned, and no word said about his intercourse with the proprietor of Glendale.

But Sol was too shrewd to build anything from this. The detective might know all about this also, and have purposely suppressed it so as to make the weight of evidence bear more fully upon himself. It was evident his object was to force Sol to a confession, and he had left this part of the affair open in order to leave him some apparent credit in his acknowledgment of Ogden's connection with the matter. A man who knew so much must know more.

So he argued, and remained lost in surprise that he had escaped arrest, though he felt satisfied that this immunity was but temporary, that the officer had merely left him to obtain a warrant to arrest him, or for some similar purpose.

"The track's open, I think I'll git," said Sol. "The back-door may be shet on me afore you can count an hour. Maybe they're watchin' for me now. I'd better slide."

He took up his violin and commenced to play slowly. It aided the man in thinking to cogitate to music.

"I must have money, and I must leave these diggin's," he thought. "Harry Ogden's got to fork over heavy. I've got a hook in his nose that he won't git out easy. S'pose I let him know what's up. He'd give me a cool thousand down to get shet of me. Yes, and keep forking over to keep me out of sight. I kin strike west, and kin foller him with letters, so that he'll fork over handsome to settle down old Sol. That's the dodge. I'll get out of this afore that durned sojer gits back. And by the back way too, cause there's likely eyes in front. I'll strike for Harry Ogden, skeer him a bit, and bleed him all I kin. And then for a long tramp west. Me and my fiddle; the best friend I have got."

He stopped the tune which had accompanied this revery, and proceeded to encase his beloved violin in its bag, and to pick up and dispose about his person the few articles he possessed in the room.

The violin was artistically concealed under the great coat he wore, so that only a slight protuberance appeared. He stole down-stairs, and out of the back-door of the house, traversing a narrow alley into which the yard opened, and emerging into the street at some distance.

Every step was made with caution. His eyes were constantly roving in search of some spy upon his movements. But the street in which he now stood was full of passers, each evidently intent upon his own business, and none seeming to have eyes for the fugitive.

"They're watching front, sure," thought Sol. "I've throwed them off the track. Now to git out of this as fast as my pins will carry me."

We will leave him for the present and take a long step forward to his destination. A train had just stopped at Glendale station, leaving there two men. One of these was the disguised person whom we have designated the soldier. The other was a short, stout, rural-looking person, whom we have already met earlier in the story, and found to be the detective, Hiram Long.

It was now within an hour of nightfall. Instead of proceeding to any destination, they lounged about the railroad platform, the soldier occasionally inquiring at the telegraph office if there were any dispatch for a name which he gave.

They had waited nearly an hour, and repeated this inquiry five or six times before the desired dispatch arrived.

It read as follows:—

"You are on the track. He left the house by the back way, a half hour behind you. He is at the depot now, waiting for the next train. He has bought a ticket for Waterville station."

"Waterville," repeated Hiram. "That's two miles below here. The fellow calculates to make the balance of the way on foot. He is sharp enough, but I think we will surround him."

It was a half hour longer, and was growing quite dusky, when the whistle of the locomotive announced the coming train. The two disguised men had left the station and proceeded toward Glendale, finally concealing themselves behind a thin hedge, that bordered the roadside near that point.

They had not very long to wait. In less than half an hour footsteps were plainly audible, coming with a rapid pace up the road. It was now nearly dark, except that the moon shed a chastened lustre through the thin clouds that covered her, and occasionally broke through her veil to dimly illuminate the scene.

Sol Brindle passed, unsuspectingly, the two lurking men, muttering to himself as he did so—

"That weren't badly done. I've shet the sojer's eye for sure. Now to bleed Ogden, and then, hey for a tramp."

Watching him, but from a distance, the two men emerged from their concealment, and followed, with a lurking motion, in his footsteps.

It was now so dark as to easily hide their forms, and had he turned he would have failed to see them, at the distance they were, and the closeness with which they hugged the roadside hedge.

But he had no thought of turning. He had watched so closely during his passage through the city without sight of a spy, and had managed by stopping at Waterville to evade any inquiring eyes at Glendale station, so that he imagined himself quite safe from observation.

He approached the house closely in the shadow, and noted, with eager eyes, its general aspect. The lights were not yet lit, except in one or two rooms. In one of these he could see, occasionally moving before the open window, the form of Henry Ogden.

Placing his hands to his mouth, the tramp gave a sound, that distantly resembled that of the whip-poor-will. No woodsman would have been for an instant deceived by it, yet it seemed to attract Henry Ogden's attention. He approached the window and looked out, as if anxious to see this bird of night.

The sound was repeated, and Sol stood out in the road, dimly visible from the window. Seeing from Ogden's movement that he had been observed, he left the spot, and proceeded down the line of the fence to the point at which they had met in their previous conversation.

This was at some distance from the house, and afforded a clump of bushes which completely concealed his form in the darkness, for the moon was now overclouded.

Just beyond this spot began the hedge, behind which the men had awaited his approach.

But a few moments had elapsed, when Henry Ogden appeared, moving hastily from the direction of the house. Sol stepped out from his covert so as to be visible to his worthy confederate.

"I thought that would fetch you," he said. "Weren't bad, now, were it?"

"About as much like the whip-poor-will, as the robin's song is like the hawk's. What brings you here? I thought you were far west," said Ogden, in an angry tone.

Sol attempted to excuse his failure to fulfil his former promise, but did so in so lame a manner as to bring down upon him a sharp reprimand from his associate.

There was, for several minutes, a keen recrimination between the two confederates, for the tramp repelled, angrily, the charges of his better-dressed companion. Evidently he felt that he had him in his power, and could afford to be as insolent as he chose.

"It's all through that unlucky breast-pin, anyhow," said Sol. "I'd give my fiddle, if I'd never seen it. A feller threatened to hang me on it, to-day. That's what brings me here. I'm going to make myself scarce, and want the needful."

These remarks excited the earnest attention of his companion. He pressed him for an explanation, and received, in reply, the full statement of his interview with the officer, disguised as a soldier, as Sol declared him to be.

But that the night hid his face, Henry Ogden would have been seen to have lost his usual composure, during this long recital. But the pallor of his cheek, and the nervousness with which he bit his lips, were safely concealed under the curtain of the night, and when he spoke, his voice retained its wonted coolness.

"That's the story, eh!" he said. "I suppose, if the truth were known, you have let the whole instead of half the cat out of the bag. This is the natural result of your hanging about the city, after your promise to leave it. I judge you have been on a drunk, in some of your old haunts, and have been followed."

Sol's conscience told him that this was too true—that his visit to The Shades was very ill-advised. But he strongly denied the allegation.

"For the officer, he had the cat out of the bag, afore he come; all but the tail. I guess that's what brung him to me, to see the color of the tail."

"I suppose he saw it."

"Not if I knows myself, gossip; Dusky Sol cut his eye-teeth several years back. It's durned queer about that breastpin, anyhow."

This last remark was spoken in a musing tone.

"There's only this queer about it," said Ogden, coolly. "They know you stole it. They know it was found in my uncle's hand. If they take hold of you, they'll hang you for murder, as sure as your name is Sol."

"And do you s'pose I'm going to hold my jaw, if it comes to that? I ain't a-going to swing for you, Harry Ogden—that you can bet high on."

"What will you do?"

"I'll tell the court how I sold you the diamond."

"Which the court will not be green enough to swallow. The word of a vagabond will not stand against that of a gentleman."

"S'pose I tell about that skiff, as has a figure head out after this piece of jewelry?"

"The skiff is turned to rotten wood by this time—or is serving for an eel trap. And the man that cut the head is several thousand miles from here."

"You wouldn't go back on a feller that way?" cried Sol, alarmed at the aspect things might take, if his companion held to this intention of denial.

"You went back on me first," said Ogden, sternly. "I owe you one."

"See here, Mr. Ogden, I'm off for the West this time sure. I'm out of the needful though, and can't tramp on an empty pocket."

This was the point to which Ogden wished to bring him, to frighten him into keeping his word—and thus get rid of a dangerous associate.

Sol Brindle knew too much. He must be got out of the way, either by fair means or foul. The latter course, with the suspicions now extant, might prove dangerous. The only open plan was to keep him in a state of fright as regarded his danger in Philadelphia.

To do so, he must be governed by the old Roman maxim, to build a golden bridge for a flying foe. The man must be provided with money, or there would be no certainty of his keeping out of the way.

After some chaffering in regard to this, a bargain was struck between them. The new light in which Ogden had placed the matter, had very materially lowered the intended demand of the tramp. His associate agreed to furnish him with fixed sums, at stated periods, he to call for them in person, at a designated place in a Western city.

Sol also agreed to assume a new name, to avoid all persons who had formerly known him, and to live an honest life—being very careful to keep out of the hands of the police.

The first instalment of his subsidy was paid him on the spot—and after some more words, they parted, Sol proceeding down the road, Ogden standing and gazing after his retiring form.

Had he looked more keenly, or had the night been clearer, he might have perceived a very alarming incident. Two forms emerged from behind the hedge at some distance down, and carefully followed Sol till they were out of hearing of the place of meeting.

Then suddenly the tramp felt his motion arrested by a heavy hand placed on his shoulder, and heard spoken, by a stern voice at his ear, the following startling sentence—

"Dusky Sol, you are my prisoner! I arrest you, in the name of the law, for the murder of James Ogden!"

CHAPTER XXX.

A MEETING IN THE GLEN.

Marie had resumed her morning walks in the glen. It was now the delightful weather which often comes in late October, and which lends so royal a charm to the declining weeks of the year. The air was balmy without being sultry, the trees yet wore, in fading glory, their autumnal coat of many colors—and last, not least, the espionage that had so fretted her, was removed. She had seen nothing of the spy since the arrest and escape of her lover, and was light-hearted in consequence.

On the morning after the taking of Sol she was out early. The day promised to be a magnificent one, the air had in it the springtide balm, and the house seemed prison-like, with all nature yielding so charming an invitation out of doors.

Other persons were light hearted too this morning. Henry Ogden was among these. He was satisfied now that he had both frightened and bought into permanent absence and silence the man of all men whom he feared.

This accomplished, he felt that he had good cause for self-gratulation, and was out early also, with much the same purpose as Marie.

It followed that they met in the glen, somewhat to her discomfiture, for now that she had gained from him all the useful information that she was likely to obtain, she allowed her abhorrence of the man to overcome any question of expediency. She hardly felt disposed to treat him with the consideration that common politeness demands.

He, on the contrary, seemed delighted to meet her. He approached with a rapid step, and face lit up with the warmth of gladness.

Even when she failed to perceive his outstretched hand, and met his warm advances with the coolest common-place, he kept up his fervor of manner, although he could not avoid seeing that she was treating him with unusual coldness.

From compliment he advanced to profession. He began by praising her perfections. He ended by describing his feelings, and, despite her chilling reception of his remarks, he verged into a declaration of love. Into this, whether true or assumed, he managed to throw a fervent strength that appeared like the real article. The man seemed truly to love the woman on whom he almost forced this profession.

It was met by a polite but decided refusal. He well knew that she was already betrothed to another person, she said. This person she had not and could not cease to love, and she had no further answer to his advances.

He strove to press his suit, but met with so determined a rebuff that anger or jealousy took the place of the love he was declaring.

"You will throw me aside, then, for this fugitive murderer?" he asked angrily.

"I care not of what he is accused. I know him innocent, and will sustain him against the world's verdict."

"That is the decision of a romantic girl," he replied. "Do you suppose the settled judgment of the court is not superior to your biassed opinion?"

"I suppose nothing. I know—Henry Ogden, you had better press me no further. If you force me to speak more plainly than I have done it may not be pleasant to yourself."

"Why, what can you say to displease me? I love you too deeply, Marie, to find displeasure in any words of yours, however unjust they may be."

"Then, sir, we had better part here, and finally. You avow a feeling which I can never return. I cannot even promise you friendship; and with such relations between us, we are better as strangers."

"Why can I not have your friendship? Why not your love?" he cried impetuously. "What have I done to place me beyond the pale of your respect?"

"You have spoken falsely of Robert Merivale," she warmly replied. "You have charged him with a crime of which you know he is innocent."

"I know him innocent? I beg your pardon, Miss Dubois, but I cannot admit any such knowledge."

"Then you conceal what you know to be the truth, and are seeking to deceive me as well as you have deceived the people."

"What do you mean? This is strange talk. I know him to be a criminal, with evidence enough against him to hang him."

"You know that the evidence is false, and that if he suffers it will be for the crime of another man."

"I beg your pardon. You are looking at it with biassed eyes. I cannot view it in the same light."

"Henry Ogden, there has been enough of this. You compel me to speak where I would have preferred to keep silence. Another man was the murderer, and that you know far better than I can."

"I don't know it. There is no evidence in proof of such an assertion. Whom shall I ask for this proof?"

"Ask your own conscience," she answered.

They had stopped, and she was looking at him with a steady, burning gaze, which his eyes found some difficulty to meet.

At her last remark he slightly started and grew visibly pale. He strove to hide this emotion under a display of anger.

"What are you daring to hint at?" he cried. "Do you want to accuse me of murder?"

"Would I not be nearer the truth than the police have been?" she answered, continuing to hold his eyes with the same fixed, unbending gaze.

"It is a lie!" he almost shouted, in the fierce anger to which he had given way. "No man would dare accuse me of such a crime, and hope to escape a just punishment for the insult."

"I am a woman, and I dare," she steadily replied. "You have driven me on to this. You have made yourself prominent both in public and private accusation of the man for whom I am not ashamed to acknowledge love. I dare say that to you which no one yet has said, that you are yourself the murderer of my poor guardian."

Henry Ogden turned frightfully pale. He advanced one step and grasped the arm which she had raised in the eloquence of her words. He advanced his face close to hers, hissing out his answer.

"Take care, woman, lest you rouse a tiger. If a man had spoken those words he would be lying dead there now. Beware, lest I forget that you are a woman."

There was more in the tone than in the words. That was full of a fiendish malignity that made her involuntarily shudder. She strove to draw her arm from his grasp, but he held her with a fierce grip, glaring into her eyes with a look that seemed full of deadly intentions. The spirit of the wild beast seemed to be roused in the man.

"Unhand me, sir!" she cried in alarm, striving with all her strength to release herself. It was in vain. His fierce grip showed no signs of relaxing. His eyes yet burned with rage.

"Take your hand off that lady, or it will be worse for you!" spoke a stern voice at his side.

He turned, and saw beside him a soldierly-dressed person, with flushed and angry face.

"How dare you interfere?" cried Ogden, still retaining his grasp. Marie ceased to struggle, and a glad light filled her eyes as she marked the new-comer.

"By this right," he replied, grasping Ogden by the wrist, and with a quick, painful twist forcing him to release the lady. "No man shall insult a woman in my presence. I take this lady under my protection to her home, and if you attempt to molest her again you will find that there is a man in the case."

Ogden, beside himself with rage, aimed a fierce blow at the speaker. But the latter was prepared for him. His arm was knocked aside with a stroke that made it tingle with pain for hours afterward.

The baffled man put his hand in his breast as if to draw a weapon. He was anticipated in this by the soldier, who, in an instant, stood before him pistol in hand, fixing him with a resolute, dangerous look.

"Two can play at that game, Henry Ogden. I know who you are and what you are. I overheard the words of this lady and should judge from your behavior that they are not far from the truth. With her permission I will accompany her home, and if you follow it will be at your own peril."

"I will gladly accept your protection," she cried, taking his arm, and seeking to hurry him onward from that perilous neighborhood.

He at once yielded to her anxiety, leaving Ogden standing there, a picture of baffled rage. The soldier watched him closely until they were some distance down the glen, for fear the infuriated man might send a bullet after him. He kept his own pistol plainly displayed in his right hand.

"Why did you accuse him of murder, Marie?" he asked, as they turned a bend which shut out the form of their enemy.

"He forced me to it by his hateful professions of love, and his accusations against you. That is," she continued, looking anxiously at him, "if you are the person I take you to be. I can hardly recognize a feature in that face."

"That is my hair, is it not?" taking off his hat and lifting the corner of a wig. "These are my eyes. I am Robert Merivale. If I am forced to assume characters to the world, with you I can be only one thing."

"And what is that?" she softly asked.

"Ever your devoted lover," and he pressed her hand warmly. "I hope soon to be able to throw off all disguises, Marie, and stand before the world a free and honest man."

"And he?" she replied, pointing backward.

"The coils are gathering round him. His confederate was arrested last night, the man who stole my jewel, and from whom he obtained it. There is but one point more needed, the discovery of the boat."

"Did you see the carpenter?"

"Yes, and have learned that he really did make the figure. That he will be made to testify to. The boat appears to have been sunk in the river, and search is to be made for it to-day."

"Thank Heaven that the truth is at length on the point of being revealed!" she fervently exclaimed, "and that I have been able to lend some feeble aid in its discovery. The light is beginning to break, Robert. I knew it would. I knew that such injustice could not be sustained."

"And yet I ran a fearful risk, Marie. I am rather sorry that you were forced to openly charge him with the murder. He may become frightened and destroy important evidence."

"Oh, no! I think not," she anxiously replied. "He will be apt to take my words as the result of anger, and not allow them to influence him."

"I hope so," replied Robert. "The man is so astute that it is hard to tell how he will act under any circumstances."

They were now in front of Mrs Hamilton's residence. It was not safe for Robert to be seen there, and after a few more words, and a leave-taking which was restricted to a warm pressure of the hands, they parted, she filled with joy at the brightening aspect of her lover's fortune.

CHAPTER XXXI.

ALONG THE RIVER WALL.

At a later hour that same day, Robert Merivale met the detective at a point up the river several miles above Glendale. This was in consequence of an arrangement made the previous evening. Hiram having agreed to take his prisoner to the city, and hand him over to the authorities, while Robert would spend the night near Glendale, and meet him at a fixed hour the next morning.

Hiram had now discarded his disguise and appeared in his ordinary costume. Whether he had penetrated the disguise of his companion or not the latter could not guess. Robert was, as we have said, skilled in the art of changing his appearance, from previous theatrical experience, and his present disguise looked sufficiently natural to deceive any but his nearest friends.

But Hiram, not knowing his features, and judging only from separate circumstances, such as his unexplained interest in and knowledge of the case, might suspect him on these grounds alone. Whatever idea he entertained he kept strictly to himself.

The point at which they met was near the boat-house formerly occupied by the Hearty Boat Club, which, as we know, had been at a subsequent period used by Henry Ogden alone.

Seating themselves on a flat stone by the river side, with the ripple of the advancing tide nearly at their feet, they entered into conversation on the subject of their purpose here.

"I can see but one way around the matter," said Hiram, "and I've looked at it on all sides. This boat business has bothered me more than a little. The boat is not alive anywhere along the Delaware or Schuylkill; I have satisfied myself of that. Of course the figure might have been taken off, but Ogden couldn't have transferred the boat, and left no signs of the transaction. I had already come to the conclusion that it was sunk before I heard his remark last night. What he said then confirmed me in this notion."

"I think you are right," replied Robert. "It is true he could hardly have guessed that the character of his boat would be discovered. Had he imagined what a tell-tale mark he was leaving in the bank he would have obliterated it at once. It is not likely then that he disposed of his boat that night. He could not have calculated that any danger attached to it, and would hardly care to destroy such a piece of property. But when the fact came out that the shape of the boat-head was known, and that a plaster copy of it was in the hands of the police, his first impulse would be to make way with this dangerous witness against himself. He might have taken off the figure-head and destroyed that alone, but this would have left some suggestive marks about the boat. The police would be on the lookout for such a boat, and such marks might lead them to further dangerous inquiry. No one knew of the change he had made in the boat but the carpenter. Could he then destroy the evidence, and gain this man's silence, he would be comparatively safe."

"Well reasoned," said Hiram; "that is the very ground I went over. The most obvious means to destroy the boat quickly would be by sinking. That he did this, we have his own word for. In doing so he would not be apt to go to any great distance north or south from this locality, as he would need to take another boat with him to aid in his return. He probably would be satisfied by going nearly straight out into deep water and sinking it there."

"So far, then, we are on the track," replied Merivale. "The boat may repose on the bottom, at some point between a half mile north and the same distance south of here, unless the current has swept it out to sea. We have reached a possibility. Only investigation can turn it to a certainty."

"I don't think it has been swept away," said Hiram. "Of course, scuttling the boat would have no influence in sinking it. It must have been loaded with weight enough to take it to the bottom. Now almost any man, in such a case, would put in double the weight really needed. Thus there would not only be enough to sink it, but to keep it there. There is no fear of as sharp a man as Henry Ogden doing things by halves. You may be sure he has well loaded the boat, and been careful that his weights were properly fastened in."

"Our next question then is what kind of weights were used."

"Just so. And it will not take much talent to guess that. This low river wall would furnish stones of the right shape and weight for such a purpose."

"Exactly. Your idea then is that the boat has been heavily loaded with stones taken from the wall, towed out to deep water, and there scuttled and sent to the bottom?"

"I think that hits the nail on the head," answered Hiram.

"It would, in that case, be a heavy weight to tow, and it is not likely that he took it far from the loading-place."

"There's something in that," replied Hiram. "We have our theory formed, Mr. Brace—I believe you said that was your name?"

"Yes, sir."

"But it's only a theory yet, and I've known many as pretty a one to fall through when put to the trial. We've got now to test it. There's another point first which may help us some. A boat here would have to lie twenty feet from the wall before it would float. Now Ogden is too cool a hand to get nervous over his work, and carry stones like these twenty feet out, half way through water above his ankles."

"You think then that he would take the boat to some point where the water is deeper, so that the boat would float alongside the bank?"

"Just so. You should have been a detective, Mr Brace. We have got to look for such a point, and will find it, if at all, between here and Glendale. Have you my idea again?"

"Not positively. Do you mean that he would have his plan laid in advance, and would look for such a place on his way here from Glendale?"

"So I take it. The nearest spot below here, adapted for that purpose, will be the most probable. It will not do, of course, to depend largely on probabilities with a man like this. Take the world in general, and men's minds run in fixed channels, though which other men's minds can follow them, by considering how they would be most likely to act themselves under the same circumstances. But then there are original men, talented villains, who know what the world would expect and who take care to do something directly opposite. This Ogden may be one of that talented class for all I know, and if so we may have been building on a false foundation."

"Our first work then must be to see if we can discover any signs of the truth of our theory."

"Yes, and if we fail in this, we must consider to what extent and in what direction he is likely to have deviated from the beaten track. Detective business is not altogether a following of outside indications, Mr. Brace. To succeed in our line we must be expert at tracing the movements of the human mind. The vast majority of villains are, I acknowledge, ordinary, and leave an open path behind them. But there are some who have a real genius for their work, and it is the work of an artist to follow them through all the twistings and turnings of their minds. I have given Ogden credit for some talent. I don't know yet but that we may have a man of genius to operate against."

While thus talking they were slowly making their way down the river-bank, in the direction of Glendale, carefully noting every particular as they went.

The shore varied very considerably as they traced its course downward.

Here there was a low, alluvial flat, whose summer growth of reeds was broken down by the tides, and crushed down by the feet and boats of gunners, into a matted mass of decaying stems. Here was a bit of shingly and sandy beach, covered with a line of drift wood and trash at high water-mark. Again the curving river had scooped out a little bay and touched, even at low tide, the foot of the wall that ran here alone its whole front. In several places a sluice, draining the meadows beyond the bank, had cut for itself a ditch through the alluvium, and made deep water up to its outlet.

The wall in question was a low, stone barrier, built to protect the earth bank behind it from erosion, during any sudden rise or freshet in the river, and thus save the meadows from being flooded.

It was built of large flat stones, laid loosely, and presented a very dilapidated appearance on its surface, many of the stones having been thrown off by various causes.

In nearly every instance, however, the dismantled wall had its lost material lying beside it, the stones having been simply thrown on the beach, doubtless, in most cases, the act of frolicsome boys.

Hiram and his companion noticed all these particulars, observing closely wherever the water beside the wall was deep enough for a boat to ride clear of the bottom.

But in no such place were there sufficient stones missing out of the wall to serve the purpose of which they were seeking proof. Their walk extended for a mile and a half below the boat-house, but without satisfactory result. The wall was the only place where the stones could have been readily procured, and it did not seem to have been specially disturbed. At no place on the beach were there stones of sufficient size and in sufficient quantity for the object.

"Shall we go any further down?" asked Robert.

"No use," replied Hiram. "I noticed the shore when I came up, and it's shelving all the way from here to Glendale. We must go a little deeper into his mental operations. The next step would be for him to smell out our plan of operations and try to defeat it, by going up the river, instead of down."

"Yes. But would he not imagine that any one seeking for a break in the wall would not take the nice consideration that we have done, but would search both above and below the boat-house?"

"Very likely. If he went up the river he has gone far enough up to throw a blind search off the track. We will have to go above Smithville before there is any use to look at the wall again."

"I don't know that. It will do no harm to keep an eye on it between the boat-house and Smithville."

"Very well. But I won't waste my eyesight. I'll bet a cow it is not touched."

Smithville lay some three miles above where they now were, and they stepped out briskly, following the level of the river-bank most of the way, though here and there a short cut was taken.

Hiram was right. The wall below Smithville had not been specially disturbed. Passing through the village they struck the river-shore above to find that the wall had ceased, only an earth-bank here protecting the fields.

This, however, did not discourage Hiram. He walked steadily on, and was rewarded for his faith by striking the wall again about half a mile above the village.

This was but a short piece of barrier, less than a quarter of a mile long, built to protect the bank at a place where a sharp curve in the stream brought the force of the current against the shore. Deep water washed it for more than half its length.

"Now, Brace, my lad, I think we've struck 'ile," said Hiram, in a sanguine tone, "and I've a notion that I've got my eye on the very spot."

"I don't see it," said Robert, running his glance along the top of the wall.

Hiram pointed to a spot about a hundred yards distant.

The wall all along was in rather bad condition on top. Here, however, for a space of ten yards in length, nearly all its surface stones had disappeared.

The tide was out, and a narrow line of the river-bottom appeared at the foot of the wall. There was no trace on this visible part of the bottom of the missing stones, as would have been the case had they been simply thrown off, by accident or design.

"Will you take a bet of a new hat that we're not on the track?" asked Hiram, with animation. "The channel of the river runs near the shore here, and he has likely gone to the deepest part. There's a fellow that looks like a water-rat. Let us ask him."

The person accosted proved to be the very individual with whom Hiram had conversed on a previous occasion, and who had professed to have charge of the boat-house. He was ready to give them all the information desired, rather priding himself on his knowledge of river affairs.

"You see, the turn up yonder gives the river a set this-a-way. The channel aren't more than a couple of hundred yards out. That's the line there, just where the wind has teched it."

"Is it deep there?"

"Wall, it's the deepest spot hereabouts, an' that's not saying much. About twenty feet, I reckon—maybe thirty. An' if you kin find a man who knows more about the Delaware than I do, set me down for a pickled codfish."

To a further question in regard to the wall, he thought it had been in prime condition, and had not noticed the loss of its material. He knew it was sound along there six months before, but had not been much that way lately.

"There is but one thing now to do, Brace," said Hiram. "We will have the bottom dragged, out there in the channel, and the sooner the better. I fancy there's the witness buried there that will clear one man and hang another."

He looked closely at his companion as he spoke. A shade of heightened color came into Merivale's cheek, under this keen glance. The fear crossed his mind that the detective had guessed his secret. But with it came the thought that if he had he plainly did not intend to act on it to his disadvantage. He might be safer in this man's hands than he had hoped to be.

They returned to the village to obtain assistance, from the fishermen living there, for their purpose. It was near night now, and further exploration would have to be put off till the next day. They contented themselves, therefore, with making arrangements for the next day, and returned to the hotel at Glendale to spend the night.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 82.)

The Tonic of the Period.—This is a trying season to persons deficient in stamina and out of health. To rally their physical energies by the most approved artificial means is a duty they owe to themselves. Foremost among the tonics and alteratives of the age stands HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. It is a vegetable stimulant and corrective, against which no tenable objection can be urged. There is no risk in recommending it as the best preparation in existence for renovating an enfeebled and broken-down system. The most valuable medicinal products that nature has ever yielded to botanical research are blended in this famous elixir, and its stimulating basis is recognised in our public hospitals as the purest of all the varieties of distilled liquors. For general debility, nervous weakness, dyspepsia, constipation, rheumatism, biliousness and intermittent fevers it is a positive specific.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCT. 4, 1873.

TERMS---Always in Advance.

Single copy, $2.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every yearly ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.)

One copy of THE POST ($3.00) and one of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE ($2.50) will be sent for $4.50. Each publication will send one of its Premium pictures, at the choice of the subscriber, the same as if each was separately subscribed for. (Twenty cents must be remitted in addition if the two Premiums are desired, to pay the cost of mailing them.)

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at 89 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.62; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to the order of the Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are cautioned to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

Address

SATURDAY EVENING POST,

No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

"THE FIRST RIDE."

This is the name of a Picture in Colors, that we think the public will like, which will be *given away* by the Newsdealers with Number 13 of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Remember that every person, purchasing Number 13, will be entitled to this beautiful

PICTURE IN COLORS, GRATIS!

As our *yearly* subscribers get a Chromo, we think it only fair that those who purchase THE POST of the Newsdealers should also have some of the good things going.

Look out for more of the same sort! We are determined to surpass all our contemporaries!

JESSIE DALE.

THE CONDUCTOR'S DAUGHTER:

OR,

The Plot Against The Pennsylvania Railroad.

We call attention to this

GREAT STORY,

which we shall soon commence. It relates to a

SECRET SOCIETY,

supposed to have malevolent intentions against certain of the more prominent officers of the

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

Every one will want to read it.

IT WILL BEGIN IN No. 12.

REMITTANCES.—We wish our friends would be careful when sending us Post-Office Orders, Drafts or Checks, to make them payable to *The Saturday Post Publishing Company.*

GIRLS NEVER MEAN WHAT THEY SAY.

Not long ago I was walking with a pretty young girl, and began teasing her about a young man who was very assiduous in his attentions. It was a new captivation, he had just met her about three weeks before. The first week after their introduction she did not see him; the second week, I found out, he made four visits—pretty heavy, wasn't it?—the third week three; that's where they are now.

My woman's natural curiosity was beginning to get excited. I wanted to see what would be the end, so I proposed to the young lady we would solve it by the rule of three. I stated the question thus:

Suppose, during a three weeks' acquaintanceship, that the first week the gentleman makes the lady no visit at all, but the second week makes four and the third three, then—when is the wedding to be? According to the rule of three, multiplying second and third terms and dividing by first, I made it three months.

The young lady flew into a perfect rage. She declared if I didn't hush about that hateful man she'd pull my curls off right there in the street. She wouldn't marry that odious thing if she never married—she despised him. Why, he had ugly green eyes; did I think she'd have a man with green eyes? And now you may set it down as a fact that that girl will marry that man, green eyes and all. When a girls talks that way, you may conclude at once she's half way, if not all the way in love with the young man; and young man, if you want to know what your chances are with your sweetheart, just get some one to ask her confidentially when she is going to marry you. If she says, "Never! I'd not have him if he was the last man on earth," or something like that, you may be certain you can get her.

I remember once being in company with two widow ladies. One was Mrs. Smith, a good, clever lady, whom I liked very much. The other was Mrs Jaynes, a very sentimental lady, who made a point on every occasion of bringing her dear departed John in for a subject for conversation. On this occasion, after I thought she had talked long enough about and cried long enough over "poor dear John," I asked her how Deacon Wilmot was getting on. That was enough to start her—she fairly preached.

"Deacon Wilmot! Daisy Burns, what do you think I know about him?"

"Oh, he admires you so much, and—"

"Why, Mrs. Jaynes," said Mrs. Smith, "every one says you and he will marry before long."

"I—I marry," she screamed. "Oh, how can poor dear John rest in his grave? No, there's not a man that breathes the breath of life I would marry, certainly not that red-haired old coot! My heart lies yonder in the churchyard—boo-hoo-hoo," wiping her eyes. "No second love can ever fill poor dear John's place—boo-hoo."

"Why don't you marry again, Mrs. Smith?" I asked, turning to that good lady. I thought, perhaps, she would say: "No second love could ever fill poor Dick's place;" but no, the good soul looked up earnestly, while the clicking of her knitting-needles went on, and said, "Well, Daisy, honey, nobody happens to come along."

I turned my head to hide the smile I felt rising just in time to hear Mrs. Jaynes say:

"I marry Deacon Wilmot, indeed! Outrageous!"

Well, maybe it was, but in less than three months Mrs. Jaynes became Mrs. Deacon Wilmot—if he was a red-haired old coot.

DAISY BURNS.

THE KISS AT THE DOOR.

BY H. J. B.

When I took my leave last night,
Nelly—she could do no more—
Softly brought a candle-light,
Just to show me to the door.

How it was I cannot tell,
When I felt her hand in mine,
Something said, "Why not as well
Press her pretty lips to thine?"

Then I clasped one hand quite tight—
T'other held the light, you know—
So that Nelly, helpless quite,
Felt she couldn't say me "No."

But she gave a little scream
That did not'er the bliss deny:
And—too brief the happy dream!—
In went she, and out went I.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

TREATMENT OF INFANTS.

Reading lately an account of the mortality prevailing among infants this season in our large towns and cities, has induced us to write an article upon this subject.

Such a large mortality must arise, not only from bad air, but unquestionably from ignorance of the proper means to be employed in rearing children.

It has been stated that one-half of all the children born in England and Wales die before they attain to their fifth year. And in our more healthful country the proportion of death is about one-third. This universally large mortality is doubtless owing to some species of mismanagement. Young mothers are usually so ignorant of the wants of their babes, and old nurses are frequently as ignorant or else so prejudiced in their old-time ways, that they will not give the requisite attention to fresh air, proper food, etc.

And thus the death rates are increased, and "Rachel mourneth for her children and refuseth to be comforted." And society suffers seriously from the injuries inflicted upon those who do survive under such injudicious treatment, for the health of many persons is irremediably injured, their tempers spoiled, and vicious habits created in their infancy.

Pure, fresh air in the nursery is one of the chief requisites, and yet many nurses appear to think that a young baby can almost live without any fresh air, and so they shut all the windows at night and burn a light to decrease the oxygen; and in the morning a person accustomed to pure air will nearly suffocate in the atmosphere in which both mother and babe are supposed to gain strength. The effects of confinement and want of pure air will surely make themselves known by the lack of color in the face, the dullness of the eyes, the flabbiness of the muscles, and the slight increase in weight and growth, and will also bring in its train the numberless disorders to which all flesh is subject.

The nursery-room should be the most airy, sunny, and the largest room in the house; and stoves, tobacco smoke and smoking kerosene lamps, which tend to vitiate the air, should never have entrance therein. It should be well aired every day by opening the doors and windows, carrying the child into another room while the operation is performed. A window should be also left open at night, but so arranged that no draught falls upon the child. A movable screen is an excellent piece of furniture for a nursery, because it can be placed around the crib or cradle, and shield the baby from both draughts and lights, for while an abundance of fresh air is a necessity to the child's life, it should not be exposed to a strong current of air.

When a baby is a month old, it should be carried out every day, when the weather is bright: and noon-time in autumn and winter is the best season for this exercise; but earlier or later during warm weather.

All children enjoy this airing exceedingly, and manifest their delight in it at a very early age; and this is an indication of a need of fresh air and bright sunlight to their health and well-being.

Cradles and cribs should never be covered with thick curtains to exclude the air. A drapery of lace is not objectionable, however, but rather desirable, because it shields the child from flies, and also from too much light. But their little heads and faces should not be covered with even a linen sheet; for any covering will force them to inhale the air impregnated by the exhalation from their bodies; and tend to decrease their strength and vigor.

Nor must their faces be smothered up in soft blankets, when they are taken out to walk, for fear they should inhale too much cold air. A slight veil can be thrown over the face in a cold day—but even this a healthy child will often resent as an indignity. And if bright, pleasant days are chosen, and due heed paid to wrapping up their legs, feet and arms, there is little danger of taking cold when out of doors.

Avoid over-feeding at all times. Regular intervals should always be observed even with the youngest child. For the first month, feeding once in two hours will give sufficient nourishment during the day; and twice at night is quite enough. After that, feed once in three hours during the day. Babies can be trained, it is said, to take food at ten o'clock, P. M., and again at five, A. M., without any injury to their growth—but rather a gain—for sleep induces vigor. This is a capital theory—yet we never could bring it into practice—although we have tried to do so repeatedly.

No doubt the child can be made to sleep as well, or even better without food—but alas! for us—our babies were of a wakeful, nervous tendency, taking their temperaments from their mamma; and if they slept four hours at a time, at night, we were suitably grateful. It is wearisome work warming milk and feeding children during the night, as every mother knows. Those who can nurse their own children, however, are not so much disturbed; and it is a great privilege to be able to do so, and to have the food always prepared and warmed. But there are many mothers who are debarred from this comfort: and nursing-bottles must be procured, and kept clean. If a large one is filled with warm milk at ten P. M., and laid under the pillow, it will keep warm enough until daylight; and thus do away with spirit-lamps and boiling water at night.

A mother's milk, if the mother is in good health, is the best food for every child: but if it cannot be had, we must have recourse to the cow or goat as a substitute, and the latter animal is much to be preferred, as its milk is more easily digested by all children while it is also more readily obtained, and more easily cared for than a cow.

The milk from one cow only, must be used in feeding children. If you are sure there is no water in it, you can add half the quantity to it. Use boiling water, and a very small amount of sugar.

Sweets of all kind produce flatulency and indigestion, sores in the mouth, and disordered secretions. Many children have the thrush solely from being fed with food which is made too sweet. A few grains of salt, and the same amount of sugar should be added to every quart of prepared food. "*Liebig's Food for Infants*" we have found very beneficial in feeding a child after three months had passed, and *Robinson's Groats* are also much recommended by physicians. Children often suffer for the want of a little cold water, and a teaspoonful of it should be given, two or three times a day. It is as healthful for them as for adults.

Soothing-syrups, sedatives and anodynes of every kind are most prejudicial. Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup has murdered more infants than ever were slaughtered in the days of King Herod. It produces convulsions and death.

If a child cries unfasten its clothing, and rub its stomach, bowels and back gently. If it still continues to cry, drop one drop of camphor upon a tiny bit of loaf sugar, dissolve it in a very little warm water; place that child on its back, open its mouth, and turn it down its throat. If it will not swallow it in this way, drop it into a very little fine sugar, and put the sugar upon its tongue. That one drop of camphor is better for flatulency than all the soothing syrups ever concocted; for they are vile, and the harm they do cannot be reckoned.

We have heard a distinguished doctor say that the innocents were slaughtered by them by hundreds. When a child is six months old give it a cracker or a crust of bread to suck: but do not give meat or vegetables until it is at least fifteen months old, and even then very sparingly. A chicken bone will not hurt it, however, when it is a year old. But give no pork, nor veal, nor cheese, nor cake, nor butter. Good bread and milk is the best food at one year old.

DAISY EYEBRIGHT.

Biographical Sketches.

MARY STUART.

BY MAURICE F. EGAN.

"In my end is my commencement."—*Motto of the Queen of Scots.*

George Buchanan in his "Detection" did more than perhaps any other writer to tarnish the fame of Mary Queen of Scots, and yet when dying, he wished "he might live so long till, by recalling the truth, he might even with his blood wipe away those aspersions which he had by his bad tongue unjustly cast upon Mary." His repentance came too late for reparation. He had poisoned the stream of history; others blindly followed him, and for nearly three centuries it has been fashionable to regard Mary Stuart as an interesting criminal. It was reserved for her latest historian, however, to bring the lovely and unfortunate queen out in the character of the female fiend so popular in the worst specimens of the French drama. Let any intelligent person compare Froude's brilliant fiction with Miss Strickland's interesting biography of Mary Stuart, and say whether the dryest pages of the slowest old chronicler are not preferable to such history as his, even though it "reads like a novel!"

Mary Stuart was born December 12, 1542, in Linlithgow Palace. Her father was James V. of Scotland: her mother, Mary of Lorraine, styled by one of her enemies "the very best of women." The little princess was an orphan almost before she saw the light. The tidings that the heir to the throne was not a boy, gave him his death-blow. He breathed his last shortly after he received the announcement of her birth. At her baptism, instead of gay banners and gorgeous tapestry, the church was hung with mourning for the dead king. Her life opened amid gloom and sorrow. Young as she was, two suitors had already appeared for her hand—the Earl of Arran for his little son, Lord Hamilton, and Henry VII. for the boy-prince, Edward. Without the consent of her mother, and of course without her own, she was contracted in marriage to the latter. This contract was broken two weeks after it had been made. In consequence, the English invaded Scotland. After the loss of the battle of Pinkie, she was removed for safety from Stirling to Inchmahome.

Among the beautiful chestnut-trees of this island, and by the calm lake of Menteith that surrounded it, the unconscious cause of war played joyously with her Lilliputian maids of honor—Mary Beton, Mary Seton, Mary Livingstone, and Mary Fleming. Though only five years old, she was instructed in Latin, history, geography and the feminine arts of needlework. There was a charm about her that won all hearts. At this time, her hair was golden in hue. It was usually bound with a rose-colored satin snood. She wore a tartan scarf over black silk, fastened with a golden agraffe, on which were engraved the arms of Scotland and those of Lorraine.

For the better security of her person and the completion of her education, she was taken to France in 1548. She landed at Morlaix on the 20th of August. She was consigned to the care of her grandmother, Antoinette de Bourbon and the erudite Marguerite of France. Her governess was the excessively strict Madame Parois: her uncle, Cardinal Lorraine, superintended her education. It has been asserted that Mary was brought up under the corrupt influence of Catharine de Medicis, then the wife of Henry II. But Catharine de Medicis, though afterward all-powerful in the reign of her son Charles IX., was, during Mary's stay in France, a mere cipher at court, without influence of any kind, much less over the Queen of Scots, between whom and the wily Italian, there always existed an invincible antipathy.

Mary progressed rapidly in her studies, and soon became as accomplished as her English cousin, Lady Jane Grey. She was a great favorite with her relations in France, especially with the battle-scarred Duke of Guise. "If women went into battle now, as they did in ancient times," the veteran once said to her, "I think you would know how to die well." She proved the truth of this on the scaffold.

One of Mary's first acts of authority was to name her mother Regent of Scotland. The astute Mary of Lorraine proved herself worthy of her daughter's affectionate confidence. She died before her daughter returned to Scotland.

Mary was betrothed to the young associate of her sports and studies, Francis the Dauphin. He was not without many good qualities, but he was sickly and timid. His *fiancée*, however, loved him tenderly. On Sunday, April 24, 1558, Mary became the wife of the Dauphin, who a year later ascended the French throne as Francis II.

Buchanan, who in her adversity sold his pen to her calumniators, wrote an epithalamium on her marriage. After describing her beauty, he says—

"Thus outwardly adorned, her sacred mind
In purest qualities comes not behind:
Her nature has the seeds of virtue sown,
By moral precepts to perfection grown:
Her wisdom doth all vicious weeds control,
Such power has right instruction on the soul."

Her bridal costume is thus described by an old chronicler:—"She wore a robe whiter than the lily, but so glorious in its fashion and decorations, that it would be difficult, nay, impossible for any pen to do justice to its details." Having declared himself vanquished by the trimmings, he goes on to describe her regal mantle and train, which were of bluish gray (then called *pers*) out velvet, the train being twelve yards in length, richly embroidered with white silk and pearls. Her hair and eyes were of that exquisite tint of brown called chestnut. Her complexion was a clear, delicate brunette; her expression refined and intellectual, but somewhat pensive.

Her husband—a king at sixteen—did not live long. He died on the 5th of December, 1560. The enemies of his mother, Catharine de Medicis, accused her of poisoning him. After his death, the youthful but world-weary Mary, now Dowager-Queen of France, as well as Queen-Regnant of Scotland, could with difficulty be restrained from entering the convent at Rheims, of which her aunt, Renée of Lorraine was Abbess. As soon as her widowhood was known, every royal or ducal bachelor, Catholic or Protestant, hastened to propose for her. Some of her suitors—among them the King of Navarre and Maréschal d'Amville—went so far as to offer to divorce their wives for her sake. "I have a soul," she answered to these last proposals, "and I would not endanger it by breaking God's laws for all the world could offer."

In the meantime, Elizabeth of England was acting a very ungracious part. Her spies surrounded Mary, and her gold fomented disturbances in Scotland. Mary returned to Scotland in August, 1561. With the deepest regret she had left the "plaisant pays de France;" but the heartiness of her reception at Edinburgh might have in a manner consoled her. "The beauty and gracefulness of her person," says Robertson, "drew universal admiration; the elegance and politeness of her manners commanded general respect." On her way to Scotland she had narrowly escaped capture by Elizabeth's fleet.

In the spring of 1565, Mary Stuart was privately married, in her secretary, Rizzio's, chamber, to the handsome ruffian, Lord Darnley. If Mary had possessed Elizabeth's insight into character, she would never have wedded this "presumptuous fool," as Burton calls him. The father of her child, he assisted at the murder of her faithful secretary, Rizzio, in her presence, at the time when the bloody scene would endanger both the lives of the mother and child. Sir Walter Scott, Hume, Robertson, Keith, and other historians, all unite in the opinion of the groundlessness of Darnley's jealousy of the ugly Italian secretary.

Darnley foolishly betrayed the names of some of his accomplices in the Rizzio murder. Among these was the Earl of Morton. This and other offences led to his death. On February 9, 1567, the Kirk o'Field, in which he lodged, was blown up with gunpowder. Darnley and his servant were found strangled eighty yards from the house.

Not long after this, Mary was returning from Stirling when she was met by the Earl of Bothwell, (who had been accused of the murder of Darnley.) The Earl was at the head of a thousand horse; he forcibly carried Mary to Dunbar Castle, and obliged her to marry him.*

A portion of the nobility flew to arms. They met the forces of the Queen and Bothwell at Carberry Hill. Bothwell was compelled to fly from the field, and the Queen imprisoned in Lochleven Castle. From this stronghold she managed to escape. An army rallied round her—among the leaders of which her Protestant gentry and nobility were prominent. The forces of her treacherous brother—the Regent Murray—were met at Langside. The queen's army was defeated.

Mary fled, and trusting to the promises of Elizabeth, crossed to England. She discovered what Elizabeth's promises were worth. For eighteen years she lived imprisoned in England. At last, Elizabeth signed the death-warrant of the captive queen. Mary Stuart was beheaded at Fotheringay, in February, 1587.

"The circumstances of her death," says John Wesley, "equal that of an ancient martyr." Hawthorne, in his "English Note-Book," thus describes a picture of her dissevered head, taken immediately after death:

"The hair curls or floats all about it; its face is of a deathlike hue, but has an expression of quiet after much pain and trouble—very beautiful, very sweet and sad; and it affected me strongly with the horror of such a head being severed from its body.

Mary Stuart's son was James VI. of Scotland. On Queen Elizabeth's death, he succeeded to the English crown, and is known as James the First.

* Lingard; Sir James Melville.

☞ Man is subject to innumerable afflictions and sorrows by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are continually aggravating our common calamities by cruel treatment of each other. Every man's natural weight of affliction is frequently made more unhappy by the envy, malice, treachery, or injustice of his neighbor.

☞ To wipe all tears from off all faces is a task too hard for mortals; but to alleviate misfortunes is within the most limited power.

THE CORN MAIDENS.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

I.

The sun sinks low into the smoky hollows
Of dull gray clouds that drift along the sky,
And soft the air stirs with the flight of swallows
About the chimneys high.
The lonely robin chirps through the calm meadows
His odd, mixed song, "More wet, more wet—
more wheat!"
Then darts away into the rolling shadows,
With airy wing, and fleet.

II.

Then when dusk deepens, comes the minor bustle
Of wind astir amid the grass and grain,
And hurrying past a soft, tumultuous rustle
And gentle cries of pain.
Night after night I hear the same confusion,
The mystic rush and flight and echoing sound,
While through the hush floats a quaint illusion
Of footsteps on the ground.

III.

I told my fancy to a sturdy yeoman
Who watched beside me for the first star's gleams;
A man of strong, sweet sense—the gentle foeman
Of sickly moods and dreams.
He led me out to where the corn was bending,
A splendid mass of verdure, close and high;
Its pale blue flowers into the warm air sending
An odor clean and dry.

IV.

"You've heard," he said, "the Indian maiden's story,
Who from her lover fled in early days,
And hid herself amid the plumy glory
Of overshadowing maize.
The pitying winds about the wide field playing
Twined the long leaves about her shoulders fair,
And made her body like a slim stalk swaying,
And like those silk her hair.

V.

"In vain the vexed god followed, softly calling
Among the tossing flowers his hidden maid;
She, with her strange green dress about her falling,
Stood quivering and afraid.
But when the night fell, from the cornfield weeping,
The story runs, she stole across the plain
And found him, lonely, by the brook-side, sleeping,
And kissed his face again.

VI.

"So year by year the sweet play is repeated;
The fair corn-maidens seek the wild-wood streams,
And rouse the river gods who sleep accreted,
Dreaming their ancient dreams.
A shout, and then away, with lovely laughter,
The maidens fly and hide amid the corn,
Leaving the lonely gods to follow after,
Bewildered and forlorn."

OBSERVATIONS.

BY MAX ADELER.

[Editors will please bear in mind that the following Observations by Max Adeler, in common with the other original contents of THE POST, are copyrighted. We give this notice on account of the constant "appropriation" of Max Adeler's articles, without the requisite credit being given either to the writer or the paper.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

—It is very singular how the same thing will excite different ideas in different minds. Take for instance Newton. He saw an apple fall from a tree in an orchard, and the train of thought started in that manner led him onward to the discovery of the law of gravitation; and yet we know a boy who only the other day saw an apple tumble to the ground, and instead of the spectacle suggesting to him any wonderful law of nature it induced him to climb suddenly over the fence and embezzle that fruit, and it excited a train of thought which impelled him to go home and get a crowd of other boys who immediately began to shin up the tree and knock off other apples with a pole, until they had loaded their stomachs and pockets with a half a bushel of concentrated cholera morbus. We can never cease to wonder at that operation of the human mind which leads in one case to gravitation, and in the other to a robust stomach-ache.

—A correspondent writes to us as follows: "Is the Max Adeler upon your paper the *real* one? I thought Max Adeler was dead." We don't like to be too positive about anything in this world, but we feel tolerably certain that we are alive. It does seem likely, upon a fair consideration of the subject, that we should be aware of the fact if we were dead. It is one of those occurrences which is hardly likely to escape a man's notice even if he is a little absent-minded, and if we did shuffle off our mortal coil at any time in years past, the circumstance has been entirely forgotten, and we have made a mistake in continuing to eat and drink and vote. In case any such blunder really has occurred, of course it ought to be corrected, and we are always open to conviction upon this as well as other points. But the difficulty seems to be to understand how to prove that we are alive in such a case. We object decidedly to a medical examination, particularly if it involves such experiments as sawing off our head for the purpose of inspecting the brain. But if the skeptical correspondent will call at this office, perhaps we can convince him with a blow on his nose. No corpse ever hit a man on the nose, and we are sure that we can give this unbeliever a very earnest welcome of this particular kind.

—Vanderwerken was a philanthropist, but he was apt to be impracticable. He heard, the other day, that a poor widow woman was starving to death in Mulberry street, and in his eagerness to do something for her, he went out and bought her a second-hand piano and eight dozen clothes-pins, and sent them around on a dray. Then he went home and cried to think how he had made that desolate old person comfortable and happy. It was Vanderwerken who, when he learned that a female seminary in Ohio had been burned in the night, the two hundred pupils escaping with but a single garment apiece, forwarded three gross of elastic suspenders and some silver-plated ear-rings to make the party comfortable until they could hear from home. Vanderwerken inherited this tendency from his mother. It is said that that excellent woman was awakened one night by a frightful earthquake. Dashing out of bed, she opened the closet, seized her gum shoes, grabbed an umbrella, and sat down in a shiver waiting for the destruction of the universe which she certainly expected. She thinks to this day that if the end had come those gum shoes would have been a great comfort to her.

—A man named McCartney has just issued a book, entitled "An Apology for the Stage." We are not sure that it is addressed to us, but if it is, it is unnecessary. We are not mad at the stage. We accept the apology, of course, but as we rarely ride in the stage, and as we should hold the driver responsible in case of any accident, there seems to be a certain amount of absurdity about McCartney's book. If he would write and apologize for having written such a book, or for wearing the name of McCartney, when "Smith" or "Jones" is so much easier and more comfortable to pronounce, we could understand him better.

—Merriweather lives in one of a row of houses which, as is generally the case in Philadelphia, are uniform. He thought the other night he would scare Mrs. Merriweather while she was in bed, so he rose, and dressed in his night-shirt, went upon the roof while she slept. He tied a nail to a piece of string, lay down on the cornice, leaned over and tapped the bed-room window with the nail. Mrs. Merriweather meanwhile was not asleep, but she followed him up, shut the trap-door in the loft and went back to bed. Merriweather concluded to give it up and turn in, but to his dismay the trap wouldn't open. To make matters worse, a policeman who had been watching him felt certain he was a burglar, and began to practice at him with his revolver. The manner in which that old man dodged about those chimneys, clad in that simple robe of white, would have done credit to a performer on the flying trapeze. At last he came to his trap-door, and finding that it had been opened, he went down. On entering his bed-room he saw a man turning down the gas. As soon as he shouted "thieves," the man also shouted, and the woman in the room gave a wild and awful yell. Then the man turned up the gas and seized a pistol, and as Merriweather dashed down stairs he perceived that he had got into the wrong house. As he flew to the parlor and hid under the sofa, the other man woke the whole neighborhood with a rattle, and in ten minutes six policemen came in, and after a search dragged Merriweather out and marched him to the station-house. When he came out in the morning, he walked home in a pair of the turnkey's pants, and began to eat his breakfast without asking a blessing, and when Mrs. Merriweather inquired if his muttered ejaculations, "fool" and "idiot" referred to her, he said she might wear them if they fit her. He will probably not play any fresh practical jokes on Mrs. Merriweather soon again.

—Those persons who desire to make Mrs. Walsingham look gloomy, do so by referring to the fact that her husband is an ingenious man. Walsingham, it appears, thought it would be nice to have his baby's carriage propelled by some other power than a nurse girl. So he bought a Newfoundland dog, fitted a harness to him, and trained the animal to draw the coach, which it did, very nicely. One afternoon, however, while Mrs. Walsingham was out with the dog and the baby, the dog saw another dog in which he felt interested, and he immediately dashed over to the stranger for the purpose of taking a few sociable sniffles. The exact point upon which the two differed, will probably never be revealed—but before Mrs. Walsingham could get across the street, the dogs were engaged in a combat of the most frightful character. Mrs. Walsingham's baby, it is supposed, had no especial yearning to participate in the conflict, and yet there that unfortunate infant was, mixed up with the dogs, and apparently regarded by them as entitled to an equal share of the bites which were being handed round. Whenever one of the dogs happened to get himself into such a position that the other dog could not obtain a comfortable place for his teeth, both dogs would knock off for a moment and join each other in taking a few promiscuous nips out of Mrs. Walsingham's baby. The more Mrs. Walsingham screamed and poked into the fight with her parasol, the more the dogs tried to swallow each other's legs, and the more they tangled their teeth with the baby. And at last, when the Walsingham dog retreated, and attempted to jump through the fence in which he was caught by the coach and firmly held, Mrs. Walsingham picked up that bleeding and mutilated child of her hopes, and went home, for the purpose of asking Walsingham if he thought his conduct in engaging that dog, was the correct thing for a man and a father.

—In recording the march of improvement in St. Louis, a paper in that city calls attention to an undertaker who advertises "waterproof coffins." We have waited long and anxiously for this invention. There are doubtless many persons who have been wishing to die, but have put it off because waterproof coffins could not be procured. It must be a great comfort to a dead man to have a perfectly dry coffin; and now that the spirit of reform has made itself felt, we want to have the thing carried out to its legitimate extent. We want to see a coffin introduced with gas and furnace and bath-tub, and a billiard-room attached. We are looking for a coffin with a bowling-alley and a grand piano, with a French roof and a sewing-machine, with a smoking-room and plate-glass windows. These things must eventually come, if the æsthetic taste of deceased persons of the present day is to be satisfied. There are people who, having spent all their lives in trying to outshine their neighbors, will be miserable in the tomb unless they can make the party who lies in the adjoining sepulchre mad with envy of their superior coffin.

—It was on a moonlight night that Pennypacker, while walking by the river side at Norristown, came across Jones standing on the bank in a condition of intoxication, gazing stupidly into the water. When Jones saw Pennypacker he said to him:

"Mizzer Bennyback'r 'm very glad you've come. I've bin stan'nin' here c'naiderin' a moz extr'ordinary ph'nom'non."

"What is it, Jones?"

"Moz extr'ordinary ph'nom'non th't ever came unner my observation, Mr. Bennybacker—the moz extr'ordinary."

"What is the nature of the phenomenon, Mr. Jones?"

"I say, Mizzer Bennybacker, idz 'nevery way extr'ordinary. D'you 'bzerve that?"

Then Jones gazed and pointed into the water, putting his head first on one side and then on the other. Then he would draw back as if to get the phenomenon in a new light, and finally he doubled up both fists and attempted to look through them, and all the time he kept muttering to himself—

"Very 'stonishin' zircumstanze altogether. Moz remark'ble freak ov nature idz ever bin my lod t' 'bzerve. Can't 'count for id upon any theory whadever."

"Well Mr. Jones, what is it that surprises you?"

"Mizzer Bennybacker can' y'r eye down there. D' you 'bserve anythin' of a 'straordinary nature?"

"No, Jones, nothing; there is nothing unusual there that I can see."

"'Thadz moz extr'ordinary zirgumstanz ov all. Don' you berzeive the moon down there, Mizzer Bennybacker?" said Jones, pointing to the water.

"Certainly I do."

"Well, Mizzer Bennybacker dozzen it strige you as moz incompre'ns'ble ph'nom'non now?"

"Of course not."

"Well, Mizzer Bennybacker you may be drunk ur you may be zober, but in all my 'xperienze I never before found m'zelf vorty thousan' mile 'bove the moon. Id's an incompre'nsible zirgumstanz Mizzer Bennybacker, how you an' I sh'd av god ub here an' the moon down there without our being 'ware of the fagt whed I'm perfegly certain I'm not stan'bin' on my head."

Then Pennybacker led Jones calmly home and put him to bed, and he slept off his surprise at the extraordinary phenomenon.

IN THE AUTUMN.

BY LAURA M. BIDDLE.

The flowers were bright in the meadows
That I gathered one spring,
When with a kiss he left me,
And plucked me my maid a ring.

Wait for me, and trust me, darling,
We're the words he had whispered low,
And I'll come ere the flowers have faded,
Or the hills are "arched with snow."

He seemed to be true and earnest,
And my heart was gay and light,
To me there were no shadows,
The future seemed all bright.

But the autumn came, and the winter
And I watched for him all in vain,
Now on a low grave in Greenwood,
Is falling the dreary rain.

Oh, little they thought when they laid him
Down in his lowly bed,
With a murmured prayer above him,
All the tears that I would shed.

For the sky from my life has faded,
And the light has gone out for aye;
And I long to sleep beside him
Under the grass, to-day.

CLAUDIA'S TRIUMPH.

BY CLEMENTINE MONTAGU,

AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF CONSCIENCE," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AT THREE PLACES.

Hark! I hear the twanging horn! O'er yonder bridge,
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood,
In scorn, the herald of a noisy world,
Spurns from all nations lumbering at his back.
—*Cowper.*

On the evening of the day which saw the remains of Henry Bouverie, Esq., of Westerpark, committed to the tomb, Lord Nortonshall received two letters. The guests had all left the house, but several of them had taken up their quarters at the nearest inn to await the day of the funeral, and amongst them were his lordship and Mr. Austin Bertram.

The latter gentleman seemed hardly to have recovered from his indisposition, and was remarkably pale and taciturn, scarcely speaking to any one in the house, and declaring that he was completely knocked up by what had occurred. He attended the funeral, riding in the same carriage with Lord Nortonshall, which followed those appointed to carry the relatives and more immediate friends of the deceased gentleman. Amongst these latter was Frank Vavasour, who was almost like a son of the dead man, and who remained with the household until the reading of the will.

The others who had no interest therein returned to their inn, and Mr. Austin Bertram and his valet went off by the first train they could catch after the mournful ceremony was concluded.

Not so Lord Nortonshall. He had no notion of going away without his dinner, and, besides, he was expecting a letter, which duly came by the evening post, and which he read with very great inward satisfaction.

It bore the London postmark, and was from his lordship's lawyer in town.

"70, Bedford-row, June 26th, 18—.

"My Lord—I have made the inquiries your lordship requested in the proper quarter, and with the greatest care, and have the honor to inform you that, unless a very extraordinary will is made, the young lady will inherit not less than seventy thousand pounds. I am, my lord, your lordship's most obedient servant,

"CHARLES BLAIR.

"Lord Nortonshall, Westerpark Arms."

"Bravo, Blair!" ejaculated the peer, when he had perused the foregoing lines, which, though short, conveyed all the information he required. "Seventy thousand pounds! By Jove, it's worth having, even if the girl was ugly as a Gorgon, instead of being the loveliest little bit of woman's gear that ever turned a fool's brains. Aha, my little Alma—for mine you shall be, if it is within the power of man to make you so—this piece of information makes you worth the winning. Who's there?"

A light tap at the door had disturbed his ruminations, and he spoke somewhat sharply.

"It's me, my lord," said his servant, in an obsequious voice, as, entering the room, he presented himself before his master with a letter in his hand.

"Well, Brown, what is it?"

"This letter, my lord. It came by this post, and Mr. Barton, as was own man to the late Mr. Bouverie, seeing as it was marked 'immediate,' brought it down with his own hand."

"Oh, indeed! Very civil of Barton, I'm sure," remarked his lordship, lazily taking the letter from Brown and examining the superscription. "I dare say, though, it is nothing of any importance, after all. Here, put it on the table—I can't be bothered with reading letters now. Is the will-reading, and all that sort of thing, over up at Westerpark? Who's got all the money? I suppose you fellows in the servants' hall know all about it by this time, eh?"

He spoke in the sneering tone habitual to him; but his well-trained valet was too well used to it to take umbrage, and he replied, in his usual oily manner—

"Oh, yes, my lord. All the servants was remembered most handsome. Everybody got something, even down to an under gardener, as has only been about three months in his place, which it shows that Mr. Bouverie must have been looking over his will lately; and as for the upper servants, my lord, why, Barton quite wept when he was a-talking to me about it. It was more than ever they expected, he told me."

"Ah, a very good master, Mr. Bouverie," said his lordship, cynically. "I'm afraid that none of you will ever weep such righteous tears over me when I die, Brown. I sha'n't leave you enough to make crocodiles of yourselves for. But was there no one else had anything left handsome to them besides the servants?"

"You've pleased to laugh at me, my lord, but I was only repeating Mr. Barton's own words," said Brown, quietly. "Mrs. Everfield is made comfortable for life."

"Bah! it's impossible! I don't believe it, Brown. She's an infernal old catamaran, that no amount of wealth could possibly make comfortable. However, go on, and let me know who else was made comfortable."

"Well, my lord, there was a legacy left to Mr. Francis Vavasour."

"How much?"

"I didn't hear, my lord."

"Well, what else?"

"Nothing but some trifling remembrances, hundred pound legacies, and so on."

"Hum!"

"Yes, my lord; and then the young lady, Miss Alma Bouverie, takes all the rest."

"All?"

"So they say, my lord; and they seem to say that she'll hardly know the end of her money, she'll be so rich."

"Ah, money generally makes an end for itself; you may take my word for that, Brown. It's a fact in natural philosophy that is indisputable, and Miss Bouverie, I have not the slightest doubt, will find ways and means sufficient for getting rid of hers. Or, if not, she will probably find some one to show her the way. Is the young gentleman gone?" he continued, abruptly.

"The young gentleman, my lord?"

"Yes, blockhead; Mr. Vavasour."

"Oh, no, my lord; he has not left Westerpark yet—indeed, he is stopping on purpose to accompany the ladies to town as soon as the funeral is over."

"Ah, and then he goes to the other end of the world, I suppose," said Lord Nortonshall, under his breath; then to his servant, who waited for his master's commands, "See that we are in good time for the train, Brown. I hate to get to a railway station all hot and flurried, with only just time to jump into a carriage, and I sha'n't be at all sorry to get away from this confounded hole; it's miserably dull and there isn't a decent cigar to be got for love nor money. So be off and get my things packed, and take care that I am warned in time."

"I will, my lord," said the man, and he withdrew from the room.

His lordship, left alone, took up the letter which his servant had brought him from Westerpark, and opened it deliberately.

"I wonder what Wedderburn has got to say now," he muttered, as he leisurely unfolded the thick, delicately-tinted paper, which bore a well-known cypher, and an earl's coronet, and the handwriting on it was very familiar to Lord Nortonshall.

The letter was as follows:—

"ALBANY, June 20, 18—.

"DEAR NORTONSHALL—Isn't there, somewhere or other, a fellow in a play that asks what his troops are doing in the north, when they should be serving their sovereign in the west? So I put a similar question to you and ask you what, in the name of beauty and talent, you are doing at Westerpark, when you should be looking after *la belle* Claudia in London? Have you forgotten the peerless beauty, the queen of the realm of canvas and footlights, of rouge and pearl-powder, that the enterprising Golightly was to bring before the discerning British public? Has it entirely slipped your memory, *molto illustrissimo signor* Don Giovanni, that you and I alone were to be the privileged scions of the aristocracy of this glorious realm who were to be favored with a managerial introduction? Are you so infatuated with your little white mouse down yonder, and the prospect of her golden dowry, as to forget your town duties? Come back, most sapient of peers, ere it is too late. La Claudia has arrived, and appears on the 28th. I have seen her, and for once report is *not* a common liar. She is gloriously beautiful, in the Italian style, with large, melting eyes, which seem capable of reading your soul at a glance. She is perfectly conversable and well-bred, but horribly prudish drawing herself up like a queen at the slightest attempt at gallantry. But, *nous verrons*, that is the way with them all—the loveliest and haughtiest thaw after a while, and she can be no exception to the remainder of her sex. There will be an immense house; Golightly has taken good care of that—bouquets and all—and if she is only half as clever as they say, her success is certain. She speaks with a charming accent, which renders every word piquant and telling, and the play of her features is something marvellous. If my description of her does not bring you to town I shall think you a veritable Goth; but I know it will.

"Yours, as ever,

"WEDDERBURN."

Lord Nortonshall was about to put the letter down, when he noticed that there was some more writing at the back, and he read on.

"P. S.—June 26th—I've carried this confounded letter about in my pocket for a whole week, thinking I had sent it off. I saw yesterday the story of the murder at Westerpark. I'm very sorry, by Jove I am. I only hope that the little girl is left with plenty of tin for your sake. You'll have plenty of rivals now, old fellow. You had better take care and look alive in your wooing, though it's not always good jockeyship to make too fast running at the commencement of a race. I hope you'll be up in time for La Claudia's first appearance. Golightly's half wild with excitement. He swears that there has never been seen anything like her acting, even at rehearsal. He wouldn't admit any of the fellows to see the preliminaries. He says that it spoils the effect of a first appearance. Perhaps he's right, though it's a horrid bore. Come up if you possibly can.

"WEDDERBURN."

"Come, is she," muttered Lord Nortonshall, as he finished his friend's epistle. "I'll wager a trifle, now, that Wedderburn has been making 'fast running,' as he calls it, already. He thinks he's a downy fellow, does Herbert, but he's a blundering humbug for all that. However, he won't have it all his own way this time. I'll have a look at this wonderful La Claudia, as they call her. Bah! La Claudia! Betsy Brown, more probably, if she stuck to the name given her by her godfathers and godmothers at her baptism. *Mais, c'est egal*, if she's tolerably good-looking—and of that I'll judge for myself."

He touched the bell as he spoke, and his servant entered the room.

"What time does the London mail start?" he asked.

"At a quarter past ten, my lord."

"Very well. We go to town instead of to the north. Telegraph to Nortonshall at once that I am going to London on business, and any letters are to be forwarded to Bolton's, in Piccadilly."

"Very good, my lord."

"And, Brown—"

"Yes, my lord."

"Tell them to send to the station for my luggage all the same; the things that are packed for the north can go on; I shall not require them in town. James must go with the mare and the dogs, and bid him to be very careful that she meets with no accident."

"Anything else, my lord?"

"No, that's all. You can go."

Brown retired, wondering not a little what could have happened to cause this sudden interruption to his master's plans, and made him willing to allow his favorite mare to travel for so long a journey without his own supervision, for Lord Nortonshall was extremely particular about his horses: and the beautiful creature he always rode, and had now trusted to his groom to convey home, was a special favorite. He never went on a visit anywhere without her, and was as careful of her comforts as though she had been his wife or his sister—perhaps more so; for it was a saying amongst those of his acquaintance who knew him best, that "when Nortonshall married, the lady he honored with his choice would be only 'something better than his dog, a little dearer than his horse.'"

But this event was only in the future at present. He was single yet, and free to choose, and therefore an object of adoration to all the marriageable daughters and match-making mothers in the fashionable world.

He went to London by the night mail, arriving there in the soft light of a sunny June morning, and the first thing that met his eyes outside the station walls was a huge placard, with letters of a portentous size, in all the colors of the rainbow, announcing the advent of Mademoiselle Claudia, the celebrated French actress, who was to perform in a new piece, written expressly for her by one of the leading dramatic authors of the day, at the Royal Elysium Theatre.

Minor bills went into full particulars of the birth and parentage of the new luminary, making out that she was a very exalted personage indeed, and had only taken to the stage as a profession for some mysterious purpose of her own, which would be fully explained at some more distant day.

"Golightly is certainly up to a thing or two," was Lord Nortonshall's admiring comment, after reading one of these mysterious effusions; "but La Claudia is far more likely to have been picked up in some Parisian slum by a clever speculator than she is to be a princess in disguise."

There was somebody else in London who had seen the bills, and had read their glowing account of the new actress with a sardonic smile upon his dark features as he did so. It was Mr. Austin Bertram.

"So," he sneered, with a disagreeable little laugh; "a good name to gull the public with. I could tear the mask off their disguised heroine for them if I chose; but I'll bide my time—I'll bide my time."

CHAPTER V.

HOW ALMA BOUVERIE CAME BY THE CROSS.

Your beautiful face was before me,
Set in its golden hair,
And the wonder, and love, and yearning
Were shining sublimely there.
—*R. Buchanan.*

Fourteen years before our story begins, a woman of singular beauty sat by the side of the road some two miles from Westerpark, with the bright stars shining down on her unprotected head. No other roof over her head had she—not even the shelter that the holes give to the beasts that burrow in the earth. By her side was a little girl, whose singular dark beauty might have made people fancy her a foreigner.

Claudia Wynne was a foreigner on one side only. Her mother was an Italian, her father an Englishman.

"Sing to me again, dear mother—sing to me—I'm so tired," the child said, nestling up to her mother's side.

"Here, in this lonely place, Claudia? Any one passing by will think we are mad."

"No one will come, mother, and we must rest."

"Aye, lie all night under the stars, I fear, my darling. I don't know the roads hereabouts; but you will not be frightened, will you, my little Claudia, out here all night under the summer sky?"

"Not with you, mamma."

The child nestled closer to her mother's side as she spoke, with a gesture that said more than her words, and the woman drew round her a corner of her warm shawl.

They were singularly alike, this mother and child, with dark, gypsy faces and wild black eyes. Their attire was coarse and weather-stained, though carefully mended and scrupulously clean, and a few attempts at ornament—a scrap of tinsel and gay-colored ribbon here and there—and a guitar which lay on the grass beside them, showed what their occupation had been.

Maddalina Wynne, the mother, was a singer—had been a very good one, and had held a good position at San Carlo; but her husband—an Englishman of good position, but at variance with his friends on account of his marriage—had fallen ill, and with his waning life had waned their means and fortunes. He had come with his wife and child to England only to die, and leave them at the mercy of a world always hard on unprotected women. How the wife and mother strove, how she toiled and worked to earn daily bread for herself and her little Claudia, need not be told here. The story of what a woman can do and suffer when she has aught depending on her is too common a one to have much interest for everyday readers. Step by step she sank lower and lower, till there was nought left for her but to beg, and one bitter night she took her child by the hand, and standing under the clear blue vault of Heaven, lifted up her rich, melodious voice in a song. Such notes were not common out of doors, and ere she had stood many minutes at her post, enough money had been picked up by Claudia to provide them with shelter and food for two days at least.

She now earned enough in this wild way to keep them in comfort, and more than one offer of a situation in minor concert-rooms came to her from people who heard her sing; but the freedom of her life had a fascination for her. She loved to roam at will where she listed, and she had another and deeper reason for never remaining long in one place.

She had an enemy—a bitter and unrelenting enemy—who pursued her with hatred and malice wherever she went. This was a man named Jasper Glosson, who had been concerned in some nefarious gambling transactions, which ended in murder, in Italy. He was of English parentage, though born abroad, and possessed much of the fiery nature of the children of the south. He was passionate and revengeful, cunning and deceitful, though till her husband's death Maddalina had never seen him in his true colors. Her husband was in possession of certain papers relating to the crime Glosson had committed, and no cajolery or apparent friendship had availed to get them from him. When he died he gave them to his wife, bidding her keep them most religiously, and she obeyed him to the letter.

At first Jasper Glosson tried, by showing great friendship for her, to wheedle her out of them; but it was no use. Then he went further, and tried what love would do, and ere her husband's grave was green he asked her to link her fate with his, and become his wife. She had dearly loved Claudius Wynne, and she reverenced his memory, so that the idea of filling his place so soon revolted her, while the mercenary heartlessness which could offer such an insult to a newly-made widow turned the friendship she had felt inclined to show his old acquaintance into deep and lasting hatred.

She divined his motive, and gave him an indignant refusal. From that hour he was her bitterest enemy, and dogged her footsteps wherever she went with unrelenting malice. He was determined to have the papers she carried, and she was equally determined he should not, and day by day his resolution gathered strength, till he had more than once warned her that he would have them if he took her life with them.

She laughed at and defied his threats, and managed to elude him always, till he was almost beside himself with rage and disappointment.

She was thinking of him as she sat on the grass with her child under the soft moonlight. She had fancied she had seen him in the town she had just left, and in their hurried flight she had missed the road.

"We had best stay here till daylight, darling," she said. "It will not be long, and the night is so warm."

"Yes, mamma; but do sing," the child repeated, looking up into her face with eyes the *fac-simile* of her own, and meeting a warm, loving glance in return.

Those who called her coarse and fierce—and many did so—would have altered their verdict had they seen her then. A true, womanly heart beat under her tawdry gown, and honest, motherly love looked out of her flashing black eyes.

She paused a minute, as if to consider what she should sing, and then, throwing back her head, and looking up at the clear, brilliant moon overhead, her rich voice rang out in a thrilling evening hymn—

"Ave Sanctissima
'Tis nightfall on the sea:
Ora pro nobis!
We lift our souls to thee!"

The child joined in with a voice which gave great promise of future richness, and a pathos and feeling which told of a highly imaginative mind.

So engrossed were they with the music that fell from their lips that they did not hear the stealthy footsteps of a man who silently drew near behind them as they sang. When they had finished there was a moment's pause, and then little Claudia spoke.

"Isn't it nice to be out here, mamma?"

"Yes, darling"

"Are we quite away from that bad man?"

"I hope so."

"And he will never tease you any more, nor call papa bad names, nor make you cry?"

"Never, I hope."

"Are you sure of it?" said a deep voice behind her.

A heavy hand was laid upon her shoulder, and turning round, Maddalina Wynne found herself face to face with Jasper Glosson.

In an instant all the peril of her situation flashed before her. She was alone, no help was near, and he was doubtless armed. She did not flinch, but her face turned very white as she confronted him.

"You here!" she said. "Can we not even be out of doors like the beasts of the field but you must dog our footsteps, and drive us from the poor couch and shelter the earth and hedgerows afford us?"

"I will pursue you to the threshold of the next world if you will not give me those cursed papers."

"You shall drive me over it before I will give them to you!"

"Have a care, Maddalina Wynne! I am a desperate man. I cannot go from England with the knowledge that the proof of—well, what happened that night—is in existence. I mean to go, and I mean to destroy that paper before I go."

"You shall not have it!"

"I will, if I have your life with it!"

He seized her as he spoke, forgetting the presence of the child, who sprang into the road, and shrieked aloud for assistance, as it seemed, to the winds and clouds, for no help was nigh.

"Curse her for a meddling little imp!" muttered the man, and in another moment his victim would have denounced him at the eternal bar.

There was a sharp, fierce struggle, for she was a strong, active woman, and grasped his wrists with the wild grip of terror; but he was the more powerful of the two, and with a crushing blow he felled her to the ground. She was only partially stunned, and made an effort to rise. His uplifted hand was raised to strike, and a glittering dagger gleamed in the moonlight, when suddenly, through the hedge which separated them from the road, burst the figure of a man; a hand was laid upon his collar, and a strong arm sent him stunned to the ground.

Henry Bouverie, Esq., of Westerpark, was driving swiftly along the road with his little daughter Alma. The child had been out to a juvenile *fete* a few miles distant, and it was her fond father's fancy to fetch her home himself. She was his only child, as we have seen—the very apple of his eye—and he was never so happy as when she was with him. Very pretty she looked this lovely night, as she sat beside him under the hood of the light basket carriage he had chosen for the drive. They had no one with them except a mere lad perched on the seat behind, and he was listening with an amused smile to the prattle of the little girl, who nestled up against him, in her soft white hood and cloak, like a little snowy dove.

"So you think you like balls, eh, Miss Alma?"

"Oh, so much, papa!"

"And you'd lots of partners, and made no blunders?"

"I never make blunders," said the little creature, in a dignified fashion. "Frank Vavasour said I was the best dancer in the room."

"Frank Vavasour, being about nine years old, must be an extremely good judge, I should think."

"Of course he is papa—he's my sweetheart."

A lively reply to this important announcement on the part of his little six-year-old daughter was on Mr. Bouverie's lips when it was arrested by a wild shriek close to them, and Alma exclaimed—

"Oh, papa, look there!"

Her father followed the direction of her pointing finger, and saw by the roadside a child about Alma's age, looking like a little elf in the moonlight. When she saw them she redoubled her shrieks for help.

"Come!—come!" she cried, and Mr. Bouverie stopped the carriage and sprang through the hedge just in time to prevent the blow that would have made Claudia an orphan.

Jasper Glosson had been blind and deaf to all save his own fury. He had not heard the light roll of the carriage or the even trot of the horse. A wild idea of killing the mother first and the child afterward had taken possession of him, and he was blind and deaf to all save his own fury.

Seeing he was stunned, Mr. Bouverie turned his attention to Maddalina. She recovered herself immediately, and poured out her gratitude in passionate words.

"Nay, nay," he said, "I am only too thankful to have arrived in time. Now tell me, what are you doing out here at this time of night?"

"We lost our way," she replied, "and rather than walk on we were going to wait for daylight; but now—"

"You can't of course—that's out of the question. Where do you want to go?"

"All places are alike to us wanderers," she replied, with a bitter smile. "The nearest place where there is food and shelter to be had."

"Well, that's a mile off. I'll take you there. Wait a moment— Ha! what's this? Gone!"

The spot where Jasper Glosson had lain a moment before was empty, and he was nowhere to be seen.

"I thought I'd killed the fellow," Mr. Bouverie said.

"Oh do not seek him," said Maddalina. "Let us get away from this place Claudia, my child— Where is she?" she added, in alarm. "He has not taken her has he?"

"Not he," said Mr. Bouverie, pointing to where the two children stood together in the moonlight.

Little Alma had come down from the carriage, and with the fearlessness of indulged childhood had taken Claudia's hand.

"Your child is beautiful as an angel," Maddalina said, clasping her hands. "We shall remember you in our prayers."

When they were in the carriage, Mr. Bouverie asked her a few questions as to her means, &c., but she replied that they had enough for several days.

"I shall get out of the country," she said; "I am not safe here."

"Rely upon me to help you, if you need help," he said, kindly.

"I will, sir. I have no way of showing my gratitude, but will you let your little girl take this as a memento from me of the service you rendered her mother?"

She detached something from Claudia's neck as she spoke, and put it into Alma's hand.

"It is not much," she said; "but it is a curious trinket, and the young lady may like it."

"It is curious," Mr. Bouverie said, looking at it; "it must be valuable from its age."

It was a small crucifix, about two inches long, of ebony, inlaid with gold, the figure upon it being of solid metal.

"I hope you will allow the young lady to accept it, sir?"

"Certainly—she will prize it much; and now you must let me give Miss—what is her name?"

"Claudia, sir."

"Well, Miss Claudia, something to remember her by. Will you give the little girl this, my pet?"

It was only a plain coral necklace, which he unclasped from the neck of his own child to put around that of the other, but both children seemed mightily pleased with the arrangement.

"And this is for yourself to buy a frock," he said, slipping something into her hand; "and here we are at the village."

A lodging was found for them in the village, and Mr. Bouverie parted from them, promising to see them the next day But when he went in the morning, both mother and child had gone, none knew whither.

They had paid their small account, and without a word to any, had gone forth again to their destination.

When they met again it was for Claudia Wynne to be the benefactor, and Alma Bouverie the recipient of her goodness.

CHAPTER VI.

A BRIGHT PARTICULAR STAR.

"A new star in the firmament, to light and glory born."—*H. G. Bell.*

The Elysium Theatre was full to overflowing on the night of the first appearance of the new actress, Madlle. Claudia. Mr. Golightly, the manager, had, as Lord Wedderburn stated, played his cards well, and a brilliant and fashionable audience was the result.

The press had been judiciously looked after; a vast number of oysters and unlimited bottles of champagne had been consumed, and several very neat little supper-parties had been given preparatory to the extremely favorable notices which appeared. Not that the worthy manager ever dreamed of *buying* the favor of the press. Oh, dear, no!

"Every man had a right to his own opinion," he used to say, in a pompous sort of fashion, when he spoke on the subject—and he was rather fond of so doing. "The reporters were quite welcome to say what they liked of his theatre. Let them cut it up as they pleased. If it was fair criticism he should be rather glad of it than otherwise," &c., &c.

All this sounded very well to outsiders; but the gentlemen of the press very seldom gave an evil report of the pretty little Elysium.

It is difficult—and no men better know how difficult—to go home from a pleasant evening's entertainment and say uncomfortable things of a man, the warmth of whose hospitality hangs around you still, and the flavor of whose good wine still hangs upon your palate.

So there was seldom anything disagreeable said about Mr. Golightly and his theatre, and the advent of Mademoiselle Claudia had been heralded by more than the usual amount of newspaper adulation

The papers praised her beauty, her talent, her taste, and promulgated the most astonishing biographies of her, enough to have made poor Maddalina Wynne turn over in her grave at the tremendous falsehoods set down about her child and herself.

Claudia was the daughter of an Italian nobleman—of an English baronet—she was the natural child of a prince and a lady of high rank and great beauty—she was—but there is no need to chronicle fables which may be used daily when any new notoriety is introduced to the notice of the public.

There had been a little *finesse* about bouquets, too; and many a handsome and costly bunch of flowers lay on the ledge of the dress circle, prompting young men in the stalls to quietly step out and provide themselves with the like ammunition, so that there was a goodly array of floral treasures waiting to be cast at the feet of the heroine of the night.

Lord Nortonshall and his friend Wedderburn lounged into the orchestra stalls and surveyed the house through their glasses.

"Deuced good turn out," the former remarked, as he swept the tiers with his lorgnette.

"Yes—a brilliant display of rank and fashion," replied Lord Wedderburn, with a laugh. "I wonder which of the two classes that old woman in yellow and the girls in blue belong to. I'd have a fever, or break my leg, before I'd be seen out with women in such bad form."

"What an utter snob you are, Wedderburn. Will La Claudia keep all this bevy of admirers, I wonder, or will they fade away after to-night, 'and like the baseless fabric of a vision,' and all that sort of thing, you know."

"I think she will, if she's half as clever as they say she is and as she is pretty—though *pretty* is hardly the word to express what she is like. She's lovely without having quite a perfect face; and, what is better than all, totally unconscious of her own charms."

"If she is, she's no daughter of Eve."

"Well, she appears so."

"Ah! the more consummate actress she. What's the piece like, Wedderburn?"

"Hav'n't the slightest idea. Golightly has guarded the secret like a dragon. It is to burst upon and astonish eyes and ears, with no prevision of its glories to unsettle our minds."

"It should be good; ——'s name is a host in itself, to say nothing of the new attraction. Let's have a look at the programme."

The play was called "Too Strong a Chain," and depicted the career of a singer who had given up her home duties for her art, forsaken her husband and child—at first from the circumstances of her profession, and then simply growing callous from continued absence. The report of her child's death first arouses the mother to a sense of her neglected ties, and in an agony of remorse she seeks her husband's house, to find the tale untrue. Their child lives, but his father conceives her false, and casts her off with scorn in the very moment of her strongest yearnings for her home. Then her passionate nature vents itself in a return to the wild excitement of her profession, and to all the gayeties which wait upon the path of a successful *artiste*. In the midst of a party she learns that her husband is dying in obscurity, having met with sudden misfortune, and she leaves the scene of her triumphs to watch him through the delirium of a brain fever. On recovering his senses, he finds his discarded wife a patient, willing nurse and loving mother by his bedside, and a reconciliation takes place.

Such was the plot of the drama prepared to introduce Mademoiselle Claudia to the London public, and it had been most carefully mounted and placed upon the stage.

In the very first scene, a *fete*, where the wife accidentally meets her husband, the *debutante* stamped herself as an actress of no mean order. Her emotion was so natural, the intonation of her voice so true, and her dress and bearing in such perfection, that the house rang with acclamation, and she was enthusiastically recalled.

"She'll do," said Lord Nortonshall, in a low tone, to his friend.

"She will."

"It's a genuine success, for all Golightly's claptrap."

"I thought it would be," was the reply. "Shy as she seemed, I knew there was stuff in her."

Two men stood at a little distance from them, their backs rather turned to where the two peers sat. They, too, were much interested in the new actress, and were speaking of her.

"I wonder how much of this is true, one of them remarked, indicating the biography of the lady, which formed part of the bill.

"Not a word," the other replied, with a smile of scorn curling his lip; "not a single syllable. It is all a fabrication of Golightly's and his people."

"It's plausible enough."

"And utterly untrue. Would you like to know La Claudia's *real* history?"

"Can you tell it me?"

"Perhaps I can."

"Why, where could you learn it? You have been abroad nearly all your life, and this girl is English, they say. Claudia! Has she no other name, I wonder?"

"I can tell you. I see you are incredulous, but I can. Her name is Claudia Wynne. She is the daughter of a strolling street singer called Maddalina Wynne, and her father, curse him! was a—"

"Hush!" said his companion, in a low tone; "we are overheard."

They were, by Lord Nortonshall, who could not help listening to words of such interest, and who was looking toward the speakers.

"I know that fellow's voice," he said to his friend, as the two who had been conversing turned and left the stalls. "Where have I heard it before? By Jove, it's Bertram!" he exclaimed, as the gentleman turned his face.

"Who's Bertram?"

"A fellow I met down in the country at poor Bouverie's—rather a cad, and hunting the heiress, I fancy. What can he know about the new star, I wonder?"

"Looks like one of those fellows who profess to know everything," Lord Wedderburn said. "There's the curtain, Nortonshall. Sit down, there's a good fellow. That's a deuced good set; old Golightly has had some clear brain to help him in that."

The success of the play and the representation of the heroine were complete long before its conclusion. The agony of the wife and mother, the brighter portion of the singer's life, and the bit of true womanly nature at the end, were all so truly depicted by the actress that it seemed as if wonders would never cease, and when she was led on by the smirking Mr. Golightly at the end of the piece, the bouquets fell around her in such profusion that they had to summon assistance to gather them up.

It seemed as though Mademoiselle Claudia were not strong, or that the agitation of the evening had been too much for her, for as she stood courtseying to the audience a shiver passed over her, and she seemed to turn faint and giddy. Indeed, but for the manager's supporting arm, she would have fallen, and he rather carried than led her from the stage.

"Was that a bit of acting?" Lord Nortonshall whispered to his friend.

"I think not."

"What was it then?"

"It seemed to me as though she recognized some one on that side of the house—that strange, stunned sort of look came into her face all in a moment, and she stared straight over there."

"Who could she have seen?"

They looked round, but they could see no one whose face displayed any special interest in what had occurred. They heard several comments on the circumstance; but all were uttered in a careless fashion that showed no feeling in the matter one way or the other.

"Come along, Nortonshall," Lord Wedderburn said. "We'll go behind and see her. I'll introduce you to her. You'll be charmed with her. She has all the artlessness and *naivete* of a child, and all the grace and politeness of an educated woman."

"But she will be too tired."

"Not she, my dear fellow; a woman is never too tired to be flattered. I'll engage we shall find Claudia in her glory, surrounded by all sorts of people, with old Golightly prostrating himself in the dust at her feet."

Lord Wedderburn was right, it seemed. They found the actress, in the last dress she had worn in the piece, the centre of an admiring ring of visitors in the green-room.

She greeted them gratefully, and received their compliments with a pleased smile, but with something of a distrait air, casting every now and then glances both anxious and half-frightened at the continually-opening door, as though she expected some one to enter of whose advent she was afraid.

She fully justified the description Lord Wedderburn had given of her beauty. She was lithe, and tall, and beautifully formed, and her face, with its clear, dark complexion, ruby lips, and lustrous black eyes, would have driven a painter distracted at his inability to catch the fleeting and varied expression.

She was not more than one or two and twenty at most, but she was perfectly self-possessed, and moved and spoke with an easy grace that was very charming. Her hair was black and silky, and had a rippling wave in it, and her long eyelashes sweet her cheeks when she looked down.

She spoke with a slightly foreign accent, but her English was quite correct, and her voice was melodious and ringing.

Lord Nortonshall was in raptures with her. He forgot his pursuit of Alma Bouverie and her money, his dwindling banker's account, the barren acres of his Yorkshire patrimony, and he began on the instant to scheme how he could become the possessor of so much loveliness. He hardly knew how to talk to her, so enthralled was he. He blundered out something to the effect that "he hoped mademoiselle was not much fatigued," &c., &c.

"No, she was not much tired," Claudia replied, with inward amusement at the *gaucherie* of her new acquaintance, and a little wonder who he could be.

"And you like London, mademoiselle?"

"What I have seen of it," she replied, quietly; "but all places are much alike to me now."

"Indeed! How?"

"I have lost my mother, monsieur."

There was intense pathos in the tone; it told of a secret grief, and said as plainly as a sentence could, that the triumph of the night had been no joy to her, for want of the loved one who would have shared it with her.

"And you are alone here?"

It was Lord Nortonshall who asked the question with a meaning voice. He was thinking how much easier the conquest of this peerless beauty would be, if she were attended by no duenna to play propriety and prevent flirtations.

"Oh, no, not alone," she returned; "I have my good friend Dorothy," turning as she spoke to a hard-featured, elderly woman, who was sitting on a low seat in a corner. "Dorothy is everything to me now. Will you permit my retiring, gentlemen? I am fatigued and excited, and too grateful for the kind reception I have received from the hearts and hands of the kind audience to-night to be able to converse with spirit."

She rose with stately grace, her little hands full of flowers, and motioning to her attendant, who rose and adjusted the cloak upon her shoulders, she bowed her adieus to the group.

Ere she could leave the room, however, Mr. Golightly entered with a gentleman.

"One moment, mademoiselle," he pleaded. "I have a friend here who earnestly craves an introduction."

"Not to-night, please, Mr. Golightly," she said, but with perfect politeness. "I'm sure the gentleman will excuse me to-night. Another time I shall be most happy."

"He only craves an introduction, nothing more," said the gentleman himself, and Mr. Golightly, drawing back a little, performed the ceremony of introduction—

"Mademoiselle Claudia — Mr. Austin Bertram."

The flowers held in the shapely little hand dropped at the actress's feet, and the hue of her pretty face turned to an ashen-gray pallor. Her agitation was only for a moment. She looked straight at him, with a bow and a smile, and he picked up her flowers and returned them with a bow as graceful as her own.

"Monsieur will pardon me for retiring. I am much fatigued," she said, as she received the flowers, and the trembling of her hands was visible to all.

"Good night, and thank you all," she said, in a low, sweet voice; but the white lips quivered with some secret agitation, and she shrank away visibly from Austin Bertram as he held the door open for her to pass out, leaning on her old servant's arm.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 9.)

RED KELLY;

OR,

The Free Riders of the Plains.

BY CAPTAIN CARNES,

AUTHOR OF "WERTZAL, THE SCOUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

DEFEAT OF THE INDIANS AND RENEGADES—A MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

Calm, even, steady, Major Pitman held his ground. Silent and stealthy moved up the reinforcements. Reinforcements for whom? The combatants on either side knew nothing of the approaching force. Hark, that yell! The battle-cry of the regulars.

"The regulars! the regulars!" call out the joyful women of the fort, and a boy of ten flies up to the waiting drum and stirs up rumbling and tumultuous thunder in its bowels, and the one legged fifer inflates his lungs and goes at the insignificant instrument until it fairly squeals through its nose holes.

The boy went on fighting the 'drumsticks in ecstasy, and the fifer shut his eyes lest he should blow them from the sockets, and a lull outside allowed the brave soldiers to hear the insane tumult within, and they cheered and crashed through the assailants and caused a rout; and not an instant too soon either, for several feather brushes were diving and dipping about the stockade with incendiary motives. Two or three had even entered, first murdering the sentinel, patrolling before the opening.

The regulars, under Joe Emmet, rushed like a whirlwind after the routed and panic-stricken renegades. Over the level plains, lighted by the mystic moon, through shallow, dry ravines, across the rolling prairie they went. Daylight, glancing grayly up the East, saw the infuriated borderers still in pursuit, handsome and sturdy Joe Emmet as leader, while as a sort of off-horse in the team, with feet well braced forward in case of a collision with the far-away horizon, and the fox-tail lashing his sugar-loaf cap in a paroxysm of fury, thundered old Champ.

Everything about the brave old veteran was loose—he wasn't cut out for horseback riding—not even a fifth-rate cavalryman. His gun lay like a lance in rest; his hatchet tagged and fought with its fastenings; his powder-horn beat his back and side, so that his shouts to his horse fell off in a maddening stutter, yet he put so much life and energy in his riding that he jumped clear of his saddle on every possible occasion, and made his teeth chatter when he concluded again to sit down and make himself at home.

Straight down toward the Texas border, and before noon the daring and infuriated frontiersman had hurled his first volley into the backs of the foe.

They turned, at bay, but of what avail? That party of renegades could not withstand the fiat of destiny, and fate had written that Joe Emmet should be the avenger of crime.

Back at the fort the plains, soaked and dabbled with blood, showed where many a brave life had been given to protect the loved ones and to maintain liberty.

One of the saddest of the incidents connected with this brutal outrage was the bringing in of Captain Cluny's dead body. An Irishman by blood, an American by birth, he had been a talented and gallant officer. Fallen in the first of the combat, his lovely and sorrow-stricken widow, unable to greet him here, in some happier clime would bid him good-morning.

Some two weeks after the attack upon the soldiers of the fort, Griff having occasion to visit Colonel Dewey in regard to instructions concerning some very important military arrangements, incidentally mentioned during his brief visit many of the particulars connected with the affair. He referred to the gallant invincibility of Lieutenant Meigs, who held one of the outer and most exposed positions; and though wounded in several places, declared that he should have stood to his post until hewn piecemeal if succor had not come, affirming that it was but a choice of deaths, as surrender to that class of men licensed bloodshed.

On the mention of this gallant young fellow's name, Miss Poinson, who in Mrs. Dewey's absence did the honors of the dinner-table, blanched to her lips. As soon as a pause in the conversation allowed her to speak, she questioned with a feverish glow in her eyes:

"Did you learn Meigs's first name, Mr. Griff?"

"Lawrence," he replied.

"Excuse my interruption, but do you know where he came from to Fort H——?"

Griff named the place.

She nodded and thanked him, holding a masterful command over some inward agitation.

"They are friends of yours?" affirmed he.

Again she nodded, sipping her coffee idly and swallowing with difficulty.

"Then I have something unpleasant to communicate," he went on; and she arose from her chair, while a scared, hunted look came into her eyes. "During the contest the sentinel was killed, and several of the savages crept within the stockade, unknown to the soldiery. In the excitement of the time the people within must have been unmindful of the few children asleep in their cots. A little boy of Meigs' is missing, and must have been stolen at the time."

The cup fell from Miss Poinson's hand; she stifled a shriek, and fell from her chair upon the floor in a death-like swoon.

Colonel Dewey sprang to catch her too late, but he lifted her to the sofa and feverishly administered restoratives until consciousness slowly returned.

"You are a trifle abrupt in communicating evil tidings," chided the distressed host.

"I deserve a reprimand, but one hardly expects to so affect a person with the misfortunes of a friend."

"No offence, my dear fellow, but Miss Poinson is extremely sensitive."

Miss Poinson recovering, and the colonel at that moment being called out, the lady put forth her hand beseechingly.

"Will you grant me an infinite favor, dear Griff?"

"Dear Griff," mindful of the wiles of this same Isabel, yet could not answer her coldly or unfeelingly.

"Anything possible, Miss Poinson."

"Will you allow me to ride to the fort with you?"

"Is that all? Hardly much of a favor."

"Indeed it is; you would have to bring me back—but oh, I cannot wait. I must see Mrs. Meigs and know the worst."

"She *has* redeeming traits," thought the young man—"sympathy for the afflicted, at least."

She sought leave of absence from the colonel's wife, and with pallid face and trembling fingers arrayed herself for the ride. Once again seized with a sudden blindness she reeled against the wall, and to Griff's remonstrances against the undertaking when she was really ill, she only exclaimed vehemently:

"Why, I must go, no earthly power shall detain me;" but in a moment, moderating her vehemence, she affirmed that she should feel better in the open air. Perhaps she did, but not one tinge of color came into her cheeks; her lips even were ashy; and when Griff lifted her to the saddle, she seemed to utter the words, "How kind you are!" mechanically, and with a spasmodic action of the mouth; then with a dreary gloom shadowing her brilliant eyes, she spoke no more during the long ride, answering her companion's remarks with a nod or weary shake of the head that showed her mind to be wholly preoccupied.

He could but think it strange to notice how deeply moved she was at her friends' calamity, and he found his previous unfavorable opinion of her yielding to softer emotions.

Her interview with the wife of Meigs was private, but her eyes when she joined Hume in the yard were red with recent weeping. On the step she had turned to the lieutenant's wife, and in a low but audible voice, said:

"Let me know when the purse is exhausted. Tell him not to spare exertions, nor stint the men for money."

She hardly spoke on the way home, but now and then a long, quivering sob shook her breast.

Griff began to think that he didn't understand her at all, and now seen without the pretty coquetries that had prejudiced him against her at the first, he felt that under proper circumstances how easy it would be to love her.

When he left her at the door of Colonel Dewey's residence, she thanked him with grateful earnestness for his kindness, and wished him pleasant thoughts and a safe journey back to his post.

The evening shut in dark, with heavy clouds bulging earthward; portentous of rain.

The Colonel, as was his habit, spent his evening at the office. The servants were busy in their departments. Miss Poinson had seen the invalid to her couch for the night, and herself was indulging in most gloomy reflections. She was in the general sitting-room that opened by low windows upon the piazza. She felt an oppression different from, and deeper than that induced by the murky atmosphere and the circumstances attending her recent journey.

She could not bear the incubus weight in inactivity. She arose, removed her slippers, and noiselessly traversed the apartment. Her own shadow walking along the wall with her, nearly took her breath when she first noticed it, for it was wringing its hands and moving to and fro in a manner that conveyed, at first, the thought that she beheld her own wraith.

She softly advanced into Mrs. Dewey's room, hoping to find her awake, and thinking to make some excuse for remaining a while with her. But quite contrary to her usual experience, she had fallen into a sound, sweet sleep.

Miss Poinson again retreated to the solitary sitting-room, and she found that the wind was rising. It steadily increased and began wailing and crying in crevices of the sashes and doors.

It distracted her thoughts as she heard the weird echoes, and she was just thinking to open a window and listen without, when there came an indescribable pecking upon the pane. She stopped in her walk and listened. Again it was repeated, and she stilled her pulses with the thought that it was a bit of loose trellis that leaned against the piazza.

The taps came again more decided, and she started forward to fly. Before she could cross the room, a window in front of her swung in, and revealed a startling and unwelcome intruder.

Somewhere and for some reason, Miss Poinson had acquired self-command in the greatest perfection. She did not shriek at her first glance upon the intruder—at the second, she could not, for her tongue was palsied.

The burly ruffian who stood before her—for ruffian he surely was—had no very prepossessing appearance. His eyes, of some peculiar shade, now gleamed as redly as glowing coals. His heavy, tiger-ish jaws were clean shaved, displaying a selfish, sensual and cruel mouth, inlaid with strong, pointed teeth, that looked as if they could bite with the venom of a wild boar. Besides this, his closely-cropped red hair showed every unfavorable bulge of his huge back brain; warranted was he, in every outline, for cruelty, sagacity and murderous invincibility.

His eyes, overtopped with their red caterpillar brows, held her spell-bound. Had she been frozen in death where she stood, she could not have looked more marble-like.

The man spoke in a low tone—

"You recognize me, Isabel?"

She jerked backward with a fierce shudder.

"My God! I had hoped this to be your disembodied soul."

He laughed.

"It would be more pleasant to deal with an unreal soul, than with one in the flesh, you think. And you are right. But I am not dead, you see?"

"You are dead to me," she said, "and that is sufficient."

"Not too fast, gentle Isabel; yet, stay—are we to be interrupted—I have much to say to you."

"You can have nothing to say to me, Ellis Perley—nothing at all." And her courage returned with a sudden rush of red blood into her cheeks, and a fierce fire to her eyes."

"If I choose—"

"If you choose. I shall ring immediately for Colonel Dewey's servants to expel you from the house."

The intruder showed his fangs in a disagreeable smile.

"Grant me five minutes respite, gentle Isabel."

"Five, then." And she glanced at the little clock, which actually seemed to begin to jerk out the seconds in angry vehemence.

"Granted me five, that time allowed, will give me as long as I choose."

She held her eyes fastened upon him with a feverish glow.

"Go on." And again she glanced at the clock.

"First, then, I have traced you—"

"That is evident."

"Under assumed name and all, through all the phases of the last five years."

"Allowing it—for what purpose? My hate is not less deep to-day, than it was then."

"For what purpose? To make you repent your sins, sweet Isabel. To taste revenge for all your scorn."

"A noble purpose, worthy of you." And her eyes involuntarily sought the clock.

"I understand that you contemplate another and better marriage."

"And if I do?"

"*If you do?*"

With a fierce emphasis.

"And if I do?" she again repeated; "the law, thank God, divorced me from you years ago."

"But *not me* from *you*;" hissed he through his fierce, tusk-like teeth: not *me* from *you*."

"Perhaps I do not understand."

"Perhaps not; but I mean that no law has power to free you and your fate from me. If I love you—if I hate you—if the law *can* take you *from* me—I can reach you so that you will feel me through all the walls and barricades that legality can surround you with."

"You are not all-powerful," she said, with angry vehemence, "not all-powerful, Ellis K. Perley—and, although you poisoned my younger, better years, I am stronger now, and *I defy you*."

"Pretty Isabel, I see that your dear eyes wander toward the clock. I perceive that my time is up: yet, stay, I am in a fortune-telling mood, and I say that you will never marry Dick De Lancy."

She threw out her hand in infinite scorn and disgust.

"I have not promised as yet; but I shall, after he has learned from my lips all my past life."

"He will not marry you—he will not want to then. He will learn what position you held toward me—mated but not married, you know, sweet Isabel."

She recoiled as if smitten by a fierce blow.

"Ha!" he laughed, "I need to introduce myself to you, lass; you do not know me as yet."

"You would not dare commit so unwarrantable a crime."

"Dare? pretty creature; pass your hand along and over the bumps of my skull, wonderfully developed since the days of our past acquaintanceship; look me squarely in the face, and then repeat, 'You would not dare.' I shall say—I shall dare to bring proofs of my assertion—proofs positive, to those who do not know my reputation. You shall be as despised by one you love, as I have been."

"Fiend!" she exclaimed, scornfully. "If you have been despised and hated, you deserved it."

"Not the whit easier the probing of a sore if the flesh is rotten around it, my lady. And mark me, you shall never marry De Lancy. Mark me, you shall sup some of the deepest sorrow that ever fell to woman's portion."

"And wherefore?"

"Because hate wills it so."

"Ellis," she said, with a firm, unquivering manner, "I have friends able and willing to see me righted now—to see justice done. Beware how you persecute me. An incensed woman is a fiend incarnate. Supported by such able friends as De Lancy and Colonel Dewby, I will give you up to the outraged law, unmindful of—"

A faint sound from the room of the invalid interrupted them. He sprang to the window, and from the outside concluded—

"I knew your indomitable force of old, sweet Isabel, but now bid you beware. I have at my mercy a hostage—"

Mrs. Dewey calling out decidedly, sent the ruffian hurrying off.

"Has the colonel come, dear?" inquired Mrs. Dewey.

"No, madam."

"Oh, I thought that I heard voices. I must have been dreaming."

"The wind cries like a human soul," answered Miss Poinson.

"I feel so oppressed," continued the invalid. "Can there be anything unusual going to happen?"

Her companion soothed her until her husband's arrival.

When in the solitude of her own room, Miss Poinson locked the door, having first, with great trepidation, searched every closet and corner for some intruder. No sleep visited her aching eyes that night. She felt one moment that she was going mad, the next, a hot, blinding dash of tears relieved her smarting eyes. But amid her terrible and conflicting emotions, one fearful revelation withheld itself for hours from her comprehension.

"He holds a hostage; what does he—what can he mean?"

It burst upon her mind with the force and fire of a thunderbolt. She exclaimed: "Oh, my God!" and sank into a rumpled heap upon the floor. Here Martha found her in the morning, and with some sympathy, but with more indignation, declared to herself that bolstering up one invalid with another made sorry work for her.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE STRANGE SOUNDS.

De Lancy called at Colonel Dewey's in the early part of the next day, but Miss Poinson felt too ill to receive him. She struggled, however, with her horror of mind and real bodily illness, feeling that she must not succumb to her fate without a fierce warfare, and by evening she was able to go down to the sitting-room and preside at the tea-table. Every one noticed and expressed concern at her alarming pallor; but she assured them that she would soon recover from the shock of evil tidings.

In the evening she met De Lancy; she was still pale as death, and with a hungry eagerness in her eyes that did not escape his attention.

"Isabel," he said, taking her hand, "something troubles you?"

"Yes," she replied, "something dreadful."

"And shall I not know it?"

"You shall; but not to-night. I do not feel well enough for the undertaking now. I must first prepare myself for probable sacrifice—sacrifice of everything I hold dear."

"Not of my affection, Isabel?"

"It may be of your affection," she calmly replied.

"I can conceive of nothing that can estrange our hearts."

"You can hardly bear the test of having been deceived; and I suppose you have been deceived—oh, yes, you have been deceived; but wait, wait," and she staggered to her feet. "Let me rest one more night unchided in the strength of your generous love, Dick, and then—and then—" She turned away, but he intercepted her passage from the room.

"One thing—one promise, Isabel—one assurance—that you do and will love me."

She gave him both of her hands.

"You have no need to ask me that—you are all the world to me. I am friendless, and there is but one other person in the wide earth that I love, and"—with a faint smile—"he is almost too insignificant and unfortunate for you to feel any jealousy."

With a sympathetic pressure of the hand, De Lancy allowed her to go.

Two words, two dreadful words, were seared into her brain. She repeated them a thousand times over to herself. Each time they gained some horrible new significance:

"The hostage, the hostage!"

Isabel Poinson was one of those natures possessed of the strongest magnetism. She attracted where she chose, and almost where she did not choose. It was inherent in her nature to love admiration; and whether the reader will hold her responsible in this case for accepting the adulation of the opposite sex, or otherwise, is no affair of mine. She possessed some sterling qualities. Where her fancy was engaged she might seem variable; where her affections were, never. Faithful and fearless, as only a true woman can be, she would go to the stake before bringing trouble voluntarily to one whom she loved. Therefore, her soul revolted from the task which she had assigned herself, namely, to unroll her past history; yet she came calm and collected to the interview which might change the whole coloring of her life's sky.

"I can but think at this day," she said, holding the position which she had assumed upon entering the apartment, having waved De Lancy to a seat across the room, —with her head resting against her hand and her elbow on the table, "that my stepmother must have been connected with this Ellis K. Perley in some dreadful way, instead of his being the nephew that she claimed him, and I think that she bought her own salvation by effecting a sale of myself. I cannot recall, without a shudder, how I instinctively shrank from him at first; but his insinuating kindness for me in the three years that I lived with him (I learned that he was capable of enacting any role that he chose) contrasted with my stepmother's harshness and abuse, ere long wore away the unfavorable first distrust.

"In an hundred ways the crafty woman forwarded her schemes. By her own harshness, and her apparent vexation that Ellis could see any attractions in a girl of sixteen. You can guess the result upon an unsophisticated girl. I fell into the snare. For some months he worked carefully to achieve his purpose of securing to himself the money which I held from some estate of my dead mother's. A guardian spirit restrained me from either yielding the money or a knowledge of its whereabouts. After that, my persecutions began. Ellis proved to be a gambler and blackleg of the darkest type. His frequent absences filled me with fear and distrust; for I always looked for his return in an unexpected moment to murder me. He had already threatened to do so, if I did not yield up the money which he sought to possess. I was hardly more than a child, and he a man of double my years. For a time he held me in the most abject slavery. But after my child was born, and his threats of brutality turned upon the helpless babe, I grew desperate, and fled. With my first act of defiance, my latent moral courage and antagonism returned, and procuring the services of an able lawyer, I had no difficulty in procuring a divorce.

"For three years I never lost sight of my child for an instant, and even tied its little arm to mine in such a way that it could not be kidnapped while I slept. But being unmolested—of course, I had taken another name, my middle one being Poinson—and finding that my protracted idleness was making sad inroads into my funds, I grew so bold as to place my child in good hands and sought some remunerative means of support. For a year and a half I was in Lassal Academy as assistant teacher, but did not like the business, and six months ago I came here answering an advertisement. My patron and patroness are very kind to me. I know not in what light Colonel Dewey views me, but he is a dear and honored friend, whom, if I had not you, Dick, dear, I should go to with my troubles. His wife I could burden with no confidences, her health forbidding. Perhaps I often place myself in a wrong position. Those people, male or female, who are kind and affectionate to me, always influence me to return them like for like. I *love*, love madly; many a woman lies in her grave starved to death for want of affection. I would I were cold and callous, then the hostage that this persecuting demon holds would not tear my heart-strings asunder."

"This hostage, Isabel, what is it?"

"My boy, Dick; he or his hired confederates have stolen my boy, and God knows it seems as if the bare admittance of the possibility will drive me mad."

"What?"

"I believe that he has bartered him off with the Indians."

"Just Heaven! it cannot be, and his own child, too?"

"An ordinary man, or mortal, Dick, can have no conception of that fiend's capabilities. He riots in ungodliness; seemingly is born to hate all that is good or beautiful. I had thought, had hoped, he might long ago be 'where the wicked cease from troubling.' He must lead a charmed life, as his haunts were the lairs of human beasts athirst for blood."

"You have incidentally mentioned, Isabel, that in your late interview with Ellis K. Perley you affirmed that you could give him up to the law—can you do so?"

"Positively, I can. How? Judge S——, who helped me to my divorce, himself employed detectives to prove the charges which I made against him, and was withheld from arresting him by my entreaties and prayers. He was the father of my boy."

"Mistaken leniency!" affirmed De Lancy. "The fact of the father disgracing his offspring remained the same in either case. Had the villain been cooped, repentance might have gnawed its way to his calloused heart; at least, you and your innocent child would have been safe from outrage. At this time, you say, you were living in New York."

"At the time of my marriage?—yes, in Brooklyn."

"Could you describe him for me?"

"He is powerfully built, and at a casual glance, rather noble-looking, on account of his well-proportioned figure. Fresh complexion, closely-shaven face and red hair.

"Nothing singular about him, no peculiarity of feature?"

"None, excepting his reddish brown eyes; that glow and burn to the soul when the demon within him is aroused."

De Lancy for some inexplicable reason, had started convulsively at one point in her description, but, as she went on, he gave no farther sign of undue emotion.

"Eyebrows," she said, "Dick, that are like two caterpillars curled above his eyes—stiff, thick and red."

A few moments of most painful silence followed. What if they had known that one of the long windows had been propped ajar ten minutes before their private conference had begun, and an eye red and glowing as a satyr's was peering through the crevice?

"Now," she said, "De Lancy, you know me as I am, and can judge accordingly."

Her face changed a little, but her attitude remained the same—frozen, undemonstrative.

Dick crossed the room and sat on an ottoman at her feet. Taking both her passive hands in his, he said in a slow, even tone—

"You, Isabel, are the same woman that I have loved, that in my heart I have sworn to protect?"

Ah, Heaven! what if then they could have seen the eye of the ghoul at the window, and the stealthy movement of the hand toward the pistol belt; or the hellish, sneering smile with which he desisted in his murderous movement!

This generous avowal of De Lancy's completely swept away Miss Poinson's self-command. A convulsive sob shook her breast, and bending her face upon his hands as they held hers, she burst into a passionate fit of weeping that no self-restraint could check.

"There," he said, "when she had grown calmer. "I shall commence operations immediately. I will place hounds upon the track of the red wretches that will hole them. I will wrest the child from their murderous clasp; we will give the boy a new name to start with in the world, and then openly defy this dastardly rough, who has no better occupation than warring upon a woman and child."

"Oh, but, Dick, you do not know him. He could sleep well of nights with his hands red with blood. You do not know him."

"I shall hope to make his acquaintance one of these days, in company with some mutual friend. Depend upon it the savage beast should chafe away his temper in a close cell."

"Forbear, Dick, for the sake of my boy," she pleaded with morbid sensibility. "Oh, I couldn't have it hurled at him that his father died on the gallows."

"Dear Isabel," he rejoined, still holding her hands, "it is quite as much of a disgrace to have it hurled at him that his father *deserved* the gallows—as disgraceful, if you view it in that light, and far more dangerous to the child. It is my desire to make you my wife, to have the *right* to defend you and yours. This much accomplished, and the boy once more in your custody, I will then look after this fiend with intent to secure him."

He tried, in his lively manner, to make her smile; but there was too heavy a depression on her spirits for them to regain anything like elasticity or even cheerfulness.

"Ah, now, sweetheart," and Dick kissed her pretty mouth, "cheer up, we will have the boy and be married within two months, will we not?"

"Who can tell?" she sighed.

"Why you, dear, of course."

"Only I must have the boy—that hostage first, Dick; otherwise I should not dare to marry you."

"With the boy safe—" and he lifted her dimpled face between his hands, "what then would you dare?"

"Death, hell and the grave for *you*!" she whispered.

And he brought her to his heart with a clasp of his strong arms. Alas! alas! what *if* they had known who was so near them?—what *if* they had seen the glassy tiger eyes and the contortions of the devilish face as every word of the interview passed out to the waiting ear by the crevice.

Strange, that the October night must be so still that no crying of the wind at the casement warned them of the spying eyes.

How widely and fearfully beyond our knowledge our destinies are planned.

De Lancy's charitable disposition would hardly have allowed him to conceive of such brutal villainy as Isabel Poinson—for so we choose to call her—had depicted. Yet his faith in her truthfulness caused him to accept the statement and to prepare to act accordingly.

Meanwhile, a few weeks passed by, during which time he had written a line to Griff apprising him of his happy success in wooing, and urging him to ride out to the colonel's at his first leisure moment. Griff, however, was very busy at that time, and excused himself from an early appearance on that ground; but another note from his friend, a little time later, so affected his spirits with its unusual brevity and undercurrent of trouble, that young Hume put business aside and drove in to the city.

A very perceptible change was noticeable in De Lancy since Griff had seen him last. Instead of feeling like congratulating him upon his rumored approaching nuptials with the beautiful Miss Poinson, he felt a delicacy in even mentioning the subject at all.

The partner, as usual, was absent; and lighting their cigars, De Lancy and Griff spoke upon business matters, and the prospect of quick returns for safe investments, and the rapid growth of the city and adjacent towns.

De Lancy, however, talked in an absent-minded way, often answering to a question at random, having apparently not comprehended the query at all.

Of a sudden he left off the subject, and with a grave face turned toward his companion.

"Griff, do you believe in the supernatural?"

Hume half-smiled as he replied: "To a certain extent."

"I have scoffed at the idea all my life; but recently my convictions are of a different nature. I am haunted by vague and dreadful whisperings which I cannot be rid of, nor comprehend."

Griff stared in astonishment at the speaker.

"How long since this begun?"

"I think some five or six weeks ago."

"Under what circumstances?"

"I was alone in the office here, being a trifle bewildered with the joyful wonder of my success in life. I had stolen off from Keith and Dewey and all of them; you know, joy and sorrow are akin. One often chooses to sit alone and ponder in either case. I had won a shy, reluctant, half-promise from the woman whom I loved, to be my wife. I think that at last my revery settled into a dozing state, for in half-unconsciousness I heard a weird whispering in the air around me."

"In the air? impossible, De Lancy. Unparalleled success has turned your brain a trifle; it was persons in the next block, no doubt."

"A storage house for grain is on one side, furniture warerooms on the other."

"Overhead?"

"Was and is untenanted."

"The cellar?"

"There is none. The stores in this block are all in the dry goods line, their landing-place being the wharves to the southward."

"Somebody on the street?"

"No, oh, no. A whisper coming through brick walls never was like *that*."

"The words—could you make them out?"

"No; only monosyllables like 'ah'—yes—hah—'st."

"My dear boy," said Griff, really disturbed, "there is some earthly explanation for this disturbance."

Dick shook a negativing head, while his face was grave and pale.

"I expected you to ridicule me; I should ridicule myself, were it not for an ominous sinking here," tossing his hand against his heart, "that foretells woe."

"Would you mind my remaining with you here to-night and myself hearing the sounds?"

"They are only audible when I am alone; and there is no regularity in their return. Sometimes I will hear them on successive nights; sometimes a week will intervene with no sound."

Griff sat in deep thought, then recollecting what Landlord Dillton had told him on his first arrival west, he put the question to his friend:

"Have you knowingly made enemies in this section?"

"Not one, to my knowledge."

"Please excuse the question, Dick, but have you ever been west previous to our coming out together?"

De Lancy looked surprised.

"No; not in this section."

Griff then informed him of the remarks which the reader will recollect, where the "host" assured young Hume that the fellow with the gray eyes had had to run for it on a former occasion.

"But, Griff, did he say the man's name was De Lancy?"

"He said it was *not*, but that he recognized you on the instant."

"It must have been my cousin, whom I strikingly resemble. I remember that he somehow exposed a gang of counterfeiters, and the leaders came within a fraction of time of overtaking and murdering him."

"That explains it; but has not that same gang mistaken you for him? and—"

"What can that have to do with these faint, unearthly echoes?"

"I know—"

"And these premonitions here?" And Dick again laid his hand heavily upon his breast.

"It might have much to do with these forebodings. Be careful, Dick; go armed. Others beside Dillton might mistake your identity."

"Yes, but that event happened five years ago, and counterfeiters seldom borrow in one hole so long."

"True, but they might have abandoned that for another trade, and still carry on business near the old stand."

"It isn't from *that* quarter that trouble is to come," De Lancy answered, very decidedly; "no, no, not from that quarter."

Griff was greatly distressed at his friend's mood, and, would previous arrangements have allowed, he would have tarried near him until the clouds had blown from his mental sky.

"Cheer up, Dick," he said, when he left him. "I don't see why great success should not occasionally unstring the nerves as well as continuous disaster. The brain will only bear about so much any way, when there is a rebound and depression. You don't sleep enough, do you?"

"I have slept but little for some weeks."

"Sound sleep, Dick, will lay many troublesome fancies—try it, even if you have to secure it with an opiate; but also be on your guard against possible enemies. Don't stay in the office alone of nights. You still persist in keeping your money in the safe here?"

"Yes; it is more secure with myself for cashier than in any bank that I know of."

Griff's time was limited, and yet he unaccountably lingered.

"Dick," said he, at length, "have you spoken of these matters to Keith?"

"Keith? no; I—there doesn't seem to be a cord of sympathy between us suffi-

ciently strong to warrant confidence of this nature. I could not endure his probable jocularity upon the subject. Even one of the droll looks which are patent with his face, would prick me in my present mood, like a thorn."

"I know Keith's peculiarities; but he is staunch and true and, near you. I wish you would mention the matter to him."

"I will see—but there, there, Griff. I have called up a cloud of blue devils around you;" and the two men shook hands as was their custom on parting.

Truly, Dick *had* called up a host of blue devils; they haunted Griff Hume on his way back to the fort. In vain he tried to shake them off, together with the memory of the unusually grave expression that rested upon De Lancy's features.

That night, too, the most horrible phantasms disturbed his sleep, until he was vexed that he could not disencumber himself of the incubus weight.

Days passed, and amid the cares of his new position, the burden still clung to him; and, therefore, in a measure, he was prepared at any time to receive evil tidings.

(To be continued in our next. Commenced in No. 5.)

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ "Sermonette" is what they call a brief discourse in Illinois.

☞ One way to get out of a scrape—Let your beard grow.

☞ An Omaha girl introduced a romantic mode of suicide. She stuffed her lover's letters down her throat until she suffocated.

☞ The first morning chore of a Montgomery, Alabama, clerk is to smear the curbstone with tar as an admonition to loungers.

☞ A sentimental editor says—"It is comforting to know that one eye watches fondly for our coming, and looks brighter when we come." A contemporary is grieved to learn that his "brother of the quill has a wife with only one eye."

☞ Several passengers on the Lower Mississippi were attracted by the alligators basking in the sunshine. "Are they amphibious, captain?" asked a looker-on. "Amphibious, thunder!" answered the enthusiastic officer, "they'll eat a hog a minute."

☞ "So the doctor is practicing out West, is he?" said an old lady. "Well, I declare to goodness, I'm glad of it, for I always thought he needed practice!"

☞ Muffins, of Darby, it was who sat a long time, very attentively, musing upon a cane-bottom chair. At length he said—"I wonder what fellow took the trouble to find all them ar' holes and put straws around 'em.

☞ A traveller says that in Spain umbrellas differ in size, from an ordinary dinner-plate to a small tent, and their colors are as varied as the tints of the rainbow.

☞ A Georgia newspaper informed its readers that it was not worth while for them to raise boys. The agonized editor insists that he wrote the word *hogs*.

☞ A western traveller suggests a new sleeping car regulation, which shall prohibit porters from extracting a passenger's well polished boots from under his pillow, and charging twenty-five cents for setting them on the floor in front of his bunk.

☞ Savannah is proud of a dry-goods clerk who has been horse-whipped by seven different women, but he remains in his place as if nothing had happened.

☞ An English jury recently returned a verdict of "Not guilty; but we believe he broke into the house for all that."

☞ We stand ready, says the Gallipolis Journal, to make one of a mob to fling dead cats at any young man who is caught in our streets between 5 o'clock A. M. and 11 P. M. whistling "Mollie, darling."

☞ Two Milesians were standing at the Fairmount water-works, in Philadelphia, watching the big wheels splashing the water in every direction, when one of them remarked: "Mike, isn't this a quare country, where they have to grind their water before they can use it?"

☞ A woman in the Joliet Penitentiary cut off her right forefinger, the other day, so that she would not have to sew: but they are going to keep her at washing dishes.

None but a physician knows how much a reliable *alterative* is needed by the people. On all sides of us, in all communities everywhere, there are multitudes who suffer from complaints that nothing but an *alterative* cures. Hence a great many of them have been made and put abroad with the assurance of being effectual. But they fail to accomplish the cures they promise, because they have not the intrinsic virtues they claim. In this state of the case, Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., of Lowell, have supplied a Compound Extract of Sarsaparilla, which proves to be the long-desired remedy. Its peculiar difference from other kindred preparations in the market is that it *cures* the diseases for which it is recommended, while they do not. We are assured of this fact by more than one intelligent physician in this neighborhood, and have the further evidence of our own experience of its truth. —*Sackville (Tenn.) Farmer.*

DR. RADWAY'S

Sarsaparillian Resolvent,

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS,

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS,

KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER

COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA,

AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT;

PURIFIES THE BLOOD,

RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR;

CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION

SECURED TO ALL.

Sold by Druggists. Price $1 per Bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated, for the cure of all disorders of the stomach, liver, bowels, kidneys, bladder, nervous diseases, headache, constipation, costiveness, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, bilious fever, inflammation of the bowels, piles, and all derangements of the internal viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure.

Price 25 cents per box. Sold by Druggists.

DR. RADWAY & CO., 32 Warren St., New York.
nov2-tf

THEODORA.

(FOUNDED ON FACT.)

"Come, come, my dog, we'll turn in now; I'm tired with a long day's watching. Why, Coorie, what's the matter?"

And as the beautiful Scotch terrier came up, wagging his tail, the young cavalry officer bent his bright, handsome face, already bronzed by the Indian climate, over him, till his own black, curly locks mingled with Coorie's yellow coat.

"What's the matter, dog? we've picketed down Angus (his horse) ready saddled; we've had our supper, and the natives are all abed; so come along, too, mon chien, the Sepoys are a long way off as yet."

Throwing away his cigar, Edward St. Clare rose up, and entered his little bungalow—the only white man in it or near it, for the next picket was a couple of miles to the south.

Really tired, the young man threw himself on the couch and closed his eyes, bidding Coorie "lie down." But Coorie was unaccountably restless and fidgetty; he whined, laid his pretty black nose to the ground, went to the window, and, finally, as sleep seemed stealing over the wearied young officer, he uttered a short bark, which instantly made the handsome gray eyes open wide again—on the alert directly.

"What now, Coorie?"

The dog jumped on him, licking his face, and pulling his arm violently the moment he sank back.

"You won't let me sleep, then—ha! What is that?"

A man's suppressed voice beneath the window. "St. Clare, for Heaven's sake awake! the Sepoys are upon us!"

Captain St. Clare was on his feet in a second, and at the window.

"Darville? Right! I'm armed and cloaked, and my horse saddled."

"Come, then," returned the other, hurriedly; "we must fly for our lives. My horse is here; I have ridden like the wind."

St. Clare caught up his faithful little dog, swung himself out of a window to the ground, and swiftly and silently fetched out his horse—a magnificent chestnut. To mount and put spurs to their animals was but the work of a moment. They could hear the advancing enemy through the jungle; they could almost see the natives, like demons, surrounding the bungalow; and shuddered to think of the narrow escape they had had from a terrible, tortured, and inglorious death.

Neither drew rein for an hour, heading their way for the nearest station. Then, as they rode on more carefully, St. Clare told the story of Coorie's strange instinct or presentiment, during which the little animal, perfectly understanding the loving voice and touch as he nestled in the heavy folds of his master's military cloak, looked up gratefully.

"We heard their advance," Darville then explained; "and, being such a small detachment, Colonel Manvers fell back to the south, and sent me on to you with orders to fly and warn the stations between this and Burrat-Peor, where you know the main body lies."

"Yes. Ah, there is the station below. How quiet they are! Too quiet, Darville; I don't believe there is a single regiment to be relied on!"

A little more, and he pointed suddenly.

"Great Heaven! too late! The villains have risen. Look, look! we never thought to see such an awful sight a few short weeks ago!"

Blackened ruins where the station had been; corpses mauled and disfigured in every possible way that devilish savagery could invent—men, women, and children; horrors too great, details too fearful to harrow the reader with here. For those who remember the Indian Mutiny of '56 it is enough; for those who do not, let them rest in ignorance. This is no tale of its horrors, but simply a true incident out of the many episodes which occurred during that sad time.

Both rode on in silence, though Major Darville, the elder and less impressionable, was the first to recover his power of speech.

"We must keep on; a day's journey will bring us to Burrat-Peor."

"Yes. What is that?" he said, suddenly drawing rein.

"I hear nothing but the beasts howling. Ride on, man; ride on."

"I won't till I hear again. By Heaven, it was the voice of a child!"

"A wild cat you mean; they cry like a baby."

"It was not a cat. Ha! again; a child buried alive where that brushwood grows."

He sprang to the ground, and seized hold of a bush of greenwood close by, when lo! it came up with a readiness that almost threw him backward: the sagacious dog tore away the root in a minute.

"It is a dry well," said Darville.

"And a little child at the bottom," added St. Clare, bending over the well. "It is very shallow; I can get it out, if you will keep a look out and hold my horse."

Darville anxiously watched him disappear; but, in a moment, his arms reappeared, holding a little light form, which they placed on the edge, while he scrambled out again himself; an easy feat for a strong, tall, young fellow.

It was a little child of three years old, whose extreme beauty neither terror, tears, nor semi-starvation could hide.

"Poor little creature!" and a tear fell on the fair little face, as the young soldier clasped the child close to his breast. "How could anything born of woman hurt you?—your flask, Darville, quick."

Captain St. Clare gave his charge some brandy, then biscuit soaked in brandy, till the exhausted frame began to revive. She smiled up tremulously in the young, handsome face, and then, with a cry of terror, clung round his neck.

"Hide me! hide me! Oh, mamma! mamma!"

"My child, my darling: they shall not hurt you, though they have murdered your mother."

"She put—me—there," sobbed the child—"till—till she came."

"She will never come, darling. I must be father, mother, all to you now; we must ride on quickly, Darville, or the fiends will be down on us."

He held the child closer, lifted Coorie—not even this new human treasure could make him forget his faithful companion—and remounted, wrapping both child and dog in his cloak within the strong clasp of his right arm.

"I am ready," he said; and the horses, refreshed by their rest, started off at a good, steady pace along the track which was the best route toward Burrat-Peor. The poor little child, who must have suffered terrors for many hours which, perhaps, few could estimate, slept soundly in her protector's arms.

"What a beauty she is," said Major Darville once. "Poor little lass! I wonder who she is?—yours now, I think, St. Clare, by Jove; and I fear no one lives to claim her."

"Poor baby—no, and, look here, Darville, if no one does own her, I'll not give her up to anybody in the world."

"Stuff, boy," said Darville; "you're not rich; what can you do with the child? How the fellows would chaff."

"Let them; I care nothing. I can laugh who win; I will deny myself to save for her."

"Edward St. Clare, it is a thousand pities that your father and mother are dead!" exclaimed Darville. "They would have been proud of their son, as I am at this moment of my friend."

"Chut! Darville, see here is a smooth piece; give rein. They shall never take us alive!"

The day was dawning when the fugitives again slackened speed, and finally stopped by a stream to let their horses drink and graze, and take some refreshment themselves from Major Darville's well-provided saddle bags.

"Ten minutes' rest," he said, bringing forth provisions. "Come, pretty one, wake up for some breakfast."

The little creature was so deeply asleep that her young protector placed her, cloak, dog, and all on the ground before she began to wake up, with a scared look in the great blue eyes, which changed to a sunny smile as they went from one face to the other. Poor orphan! she was too young to know her loss. She, however, quickly settled herself against St. Clare, and sat her sandwiches in a pretty, dainty, lady-like way which told, as much as her appearance, she was the child of well-born, well-bred people.

"What is your name, golden head?" said St. Clare, tenderly drawing the silky, glittering curls through his long, slender fingers.

The little bright face looked up into his as the sweet, silvery voice said, simply,

"Mamma's Pet."

A child-like answer, but so vivid in its sad picture of what she had been and what she was now, that it went like a physical blow to the young, brave heart. St. Clare suddenly covered his face, but he mastered himself at once.

"I can't help it, Darville. I'm a perfect fool when women and children are concerned. My poor baby, don't you know any other name?"

"No—only that—Mamma's Pet."

"Poor baby! You shall be my little girl, now, *my* Pet."

"Till mamma comes," said the child, thoughtfully.

"Darville, how can I tell her? what shall I say?—do?"

The major thought of his own wife and little girl in England, and cleared his throat before he answered, gruffly,

"Don't tell her anything."

"Listen, baby," said Edward; "when mamma hid her pet in the well, what did she say?"

"She said that the wicked Sepoys were coming, and she would fetch me again when it was safe, or else God would send some good man to me; and you see He did, because He sent you, didn't He?"

"Child, child, you are a lesson, indeed, to me. Yes, He sent me, indeed, and you to me. Darville, I will call her Theodora."

"Why? I am no classic."

"It means, 'God's gift.' Listen again, sweetheart. Your mother will never come for you again—never see you till—till you see her in Heaven; she is gone to Heaven, my poor child."

"Never come again—nor papa either?" The coral lips began to quiver piteously—the large eyes to fill. Darville turned aside. St. Clare lifted her and rose—signing—for he dared not speak—that they must remount; there was danger in every minute's rest.

"We can push on now to Burrat-Peor," he said, as they started off again, the child and dog once more nestled in his arms.

"If you can," said Darville. "For it will be then over forty-eight hours since you slept, won't it?"

"Yes, that's nothing. I sha'n't hurt."

The invaluable cloak sheltered the child as much from the sun's heat as from the cold night dews. It was a long and painful ride, full of trouble and anxiety, for how did they know but what they might meet a body of savage rebels?

Can you not imagine vividly the wild joy and relief with which, toward evening, the well-known sound of a drum beating to quarters came upon the ear, and the smoke from many a fire floated upward through the trees; for the strong, jovial English under Colonel Hayter, were encamped just outside Burrat-Peor.

The pickets were passed, and the fugitives rode up to the commander's tent, and dismounted as Colonel Hayter came out.

"Why! you! Major Darville, and Captain St. Clare! what new tale of horror do you bring?" said the old soldier, grimly. "You both look done up. And what has the boy got?"

The dog was frisking about his feet, the child peeping out of the mantle, clinging tightly to her protector all the time, the more that the officers came crowding round to welcome the fugitives.

"A child, sir, a wee lassie," said the young officer half-laughing and coloring as he threw back his mantle.

"What a beauty!" exclaimed several. "Wherever did you pick her up?"

"Didn't know you were married," said one, slyly.

"What is your name, pretty one?" said Colonel Hayter, stroking the curly head.

"Mamma's Pet."

The deep unconscious sweetness, the pathetic tale it told in two words, struck them all. There was a hush for a moment, broken by Colonel Hayter.

"We must see to our fugitive friends' refreshment, baby and all. Jervis"—to his orderly—"supper, and get ready the room next to mine, and send your wife to see to this little girl. Come in and tell me your news and story and dispatches."

This Darville, as the superior in rank, did shortly, the child listening with dilated eyes to the part which told of her parents' murder and her own rescue; but when Mrs. Jervis came in she hid her face in Edward's breast and burst into tears.

"No, no—oh, don't send Mamma's Pet away! she'll never come, you said, and Pet has only you to love! She'll go to sleep so good—here."

The young man's dark eyes were full, sooth to say, so were the other's.

"Colonel, I can't say no to the little motherless thing. Mrs. Jervis will kindly take her to wash, or whatever care she needs, and bring her back quickly. My darling, you shall come back to me."

The child suffered the good woman to take her away, but in about ten minutes she brought her back, washed and "tidied." She sat on her protector's knees, and gravely ate her supper from his plate, much to Colonel Hayter's amusement.

"Well, St. Clare, it certainly *is* a strange idea for a young fellow like you to saddle himself with a baby of three or four years old. Look! she's asleep."

"Faith, so shall I be, colonel—for it's fifty hours since I slept a wink. Please excuse us. Darville, smoke a cigar on my behalf. Good-night; come, Coorie."

Man, child, and dog vanished into the inner room, and in less than ten minutes the major followed suit.

"I say, Hayter, look here. What a picture."

It was. The young officer, just as he was, had thrown himself on the low pallet, his handsome, noble face slightly turned, as if the last look had rested on the little child. She lay fast asleep on his breast, nestled close within his arms and the heavy cloak, which wrapped them both and made a bed for Coorie, who was curled up close to his master's hand: the last waking movement of which had been to caress him.

"He is as handsome as the babe is beautiful," said Colonel Hayter. "He's a noble fellow, though, of course, he has his faults. I wonder if he looks to the future in taking charge of this forlorn birdie."

"I verily believe he has, during our flight," answered Darville.

"I wish he was my son," half-murmured the colonel laying his hand tenderly on the sleeper's rich black locks; and he sighed. His own son, Darville knew, had been a grief to his parents, and had died in no very reputable manner.

"Well, good-night, Darville," he said. "I suppose we sha'n't see any of you at breakfast."

"Not me, colonel, certainly, but I dare wager that fellow there will turn up with his child. I never saw such a wide-awake customer in my life." And he too turned in.

II.

"Mamma's Pet" soon became the pet of the whole force at Burrat-Peor, and to Captain St. Clare the very light and core of his existence, the very idol of his life; in vain older and wiser heads advised this and that plan; to one and all he shook his own fine head and answered:

"No, as I cannot discover her parentage, she is my child."

"But you cannot keep her with you in India."

"I can and must. I can't afford to send her to England, and she'll do up country."

"But as she grows up?"

"Oh, time enough to think so far forward; we may not then be alive. At present she can stop actually with me, and Mrs. Jervis attends to her. Why, the ladies could not spare her. We fall back on Lucknow in a few days."

The little Theodora, as her protector called her, perfectly idolized him, and when off duty never lost sight of him; and as every one petted and spoiled the sweet, bright fairy, from gray-haired Colonel Hayter down to the drummer-boys, no one ever objected to her presence as an inevitable addition to that of Captain St. Clare. Certainly any nature less docile, less delicate and fine would have been spoiled; but instead, the pure, gentle little being was a perpetual purifier to her young protector; even the careless jest, which is not convenient, or too light word, such as young men indulge in amongst themselves, was checked for the sake of the child hearer, till soon the habit was altogether lost. No ridicule, kindly or unkindly, moved the young officer; and time, and danger, and privation, many a hard conflict fought, many a deed of daring done, and many separations endured, only strengthened the tie between the man and the child.

This is no story of the Mutiny; it is enough for this that during it Edward St. Clare, whose luck carried him to all the posts of danger, as Lucknow, Delhi, &c., won promotions and honors and the right to much prize money; the two first were immediate, the latter, of course, a thing of the future. When the terrible rebellion was at length quelled, and peace restored on a different basis, Edward St. Clare found himself a marked and distinguished officer. The new Viceroy of India, indeed, singled him out to place in command of an important garrison, and there the child Theodora flourished and grew, clinging the closer to him after each separation, which active military duty made necessary; for it was long, and even years, before occasional disturbances were crushed out.

The scene changes from India's gorgeous clime to the golden autumn of an English home, where the silver waters of the Thames flowed past the garden of a pretty villa taken for the autumn by a quiet gentleman and his wife.

Perhaps that is he standing by the French window, within which his wife sits reading: if so, we should surely know him: a fine, erect, military-looking man, rather over forty; gray too, now, as he was not thirteen years ago.

"I wonder where Theodora has got to with her letter," says Major Darville. "How she cut me up with her great eyes, when I told her he had actually started for London, and might be down here any hour."

"Odd that Colonel St. Clare has never married," remarked Mrs. Darville; "but it's time yet; he will always be young. I wonder he ever let that child go with you."

"It was a terrible parting, Mary, but it was necessary. She was thirteen, and a tall, lovely girl; he far too handsome and young to keep her with him. Besides, though he, a thoroughly well-educated man, had instructed her in all branches of useful knowledge, yet at thirteen she needed in accomplishments and such things the finishing process; moreover, her health began to feel the climate. So did mine, and as I was coming home for good, and we were glad to have her, he wisely sent his darling away."

"I wonder whether he will find her much altered? At her age, passing from childhood to girlhood is a great change—and she is seventeen now. I suppose she is devouring his letter and photo, and starting at every falling leaf, thinking it his step."

Was he not right? See that slight, beautiful girl, with such a wealth of golden curls, bending over a photograph in her hand. It is of a dark and very handsome man, looking only about thirty, though really nearly ten years over that. We know that bright, noble face as well as she does—the child whose first orphan sleep had been upon his breast.

Ah, listen! was that a falling leaf, or a light step treading over the grass? Was that little Scotch terrier, springing frantically about her, a fancy? or that tall, graceful figure a dream?

"Edward! Edward!" and the girl threw herself into his open arms, with a passionate, almost convulsive, burst of weeping.

"My child! my treasure! you have not forgotten me, then?"

"Forgotten!"

Then he held her off. Was this the little forlorn child he had rescued more than thirteen years ago—this beautiful girl, who now smiled and then half-colored beneath his earnest gaze, as if in that second, like a flash, the unfailing, subtle woman's instinct had suddenly told that there was—aye, must be—a change such as never could be altered back again: that she could never be to him the child of past years, never again be with him hour by hour, as of yore. The realization burst upon him suddenly and irresistibly of the fact that it was no more the child and youth, but the girl of seventeen and the bearded man—not "Mamma's Pet" and Edward, but Theodora and Colonel St. Clare.

He drew her close to him again, and bent over her as she hid her face against his breast.

"Child, child! tell me, if you can, if my dream is vain. Here on this heart your infant head was pillowed—this heart which has never beaten save for you alone. We must part, unless—unless you can say again those treasured up childish words—unless you can be St. Clare's wife?"

The black locks swept her golden tresses, as he stooped to catch the soft whisper.

"I love you, Edward, better than life. I only want to be with you. Oh, those long four years!"

Fast now the dreary separation; and Major Darville smiled as Colonel St. Clare brought her in, and said:

"Ah, I thought it would be so, long ago; that this fairy had crept right into your heart, and written there 'Edward's Love,' instead of 'Mamma's Pet!'"

☞ A Vermont woman undertook to paint the cellar-stairs. She found a pail of paint, and commenced at the top, painting herself into the cellar, and had to crawl out of the cellar window.

☞ A Newton county (Georgia) widower advertises for a wife, and fastidiously adds that no school girl need apply.

☞ They are letting up somewhat on charges at Niagara Falls. A visitor at one of the hotels there recently used two matches to light his gas with, and wasn't charged extra, though the landlord told him he mustn't do it again.

☞ A Cincinnati servant-girl was looking through a key-hole, when some acid struck and destroyed her eye. She sued for damages, but the court only told her she might keep her damaged eye.

☞ Mark Twain modestly denies that he is the man alluded to in the line "Mark the perfect man."

☞ A Louisiana man puts a two-ounce can of nitro-glycerine inside of a chicken, tosses the chicken to an alligator, and the bayou which once knew that alligator knows him no more.

☞ The little boy who in his composition recommended a few drops of panegyric on a drop of sugar for the infant stomach, and in a former examination in spelling, defined chicanery as "a place to raise chickens," had not quite the strength given him this time to spell "pioneer," but he "knowed well enough it meant them fellars as plays on the pianner."

☞ A street thief tried to snatch a young lady's umbrella in Chicago the other day, and the gentle damsel poked his eye nearly out with it, and then broke it on his head.

☞ A Connecticut editor, commenting upon the fact that a rival journalist is rapidly cultivating a champion bald head, inquires: "What's the use of a man having hair, anyway, when he can fold his ears over the top of his head?"

☞ P. T. Barnum writes to the editor of the Bridgeport Standard to say that if a balloon does not cross the Atlantic this fall he will expend fifty thousand dollars, if necessary, in making the attempt early next year, provided one or more aeronauts can be found in America or Europe who will co-operate with him in the effort. Mr. Barnum says he will have the silk material manufactured in China, put together and prepared under the direction of scientific men in London, and that he will then, after an experimental ascension from the Sydenham Crystal Palace grounds, bring the balloon to America and make the transatlantic trip from New York. He asserts his entire confidence in the feasibility of his project, and that he "means business."

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. Trade Mark. Principles.

A Big Battle has been going on for years between the Constitutions of the sick, on one side, and all the Active Poisons, falsely called remedies, on the other. The Poisons have had the best of the fight, and a long list of the killed may be found in every cemetery. But at last, common sense is putting a stop to this pernicious conflict. At last

The Prisoners

of the sick-room have discovered that in Tarrant's Effervescent Seltzer Aperient, they have a tonic, a febrifuge, a laxative, a diuretic, a corrective, a regulating and anti-bilious medicine, equal to all ordinary exigencies, and good for every ailment of the stomach, the bowels, the nerves, the muscles, and the secretive organs. Sold by all druggists. oct4 2t

Secret of Beauty.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH.

This delightful and harmless toilet preparation is undoubtedly the best in the world for preserving the Skin and Beautifying the complexion. It will remove Tan, Freckles, and all discolorations from the skin, leaving it beautifully white, soft, smooth and clear.

Over One Million Ladies

have used it, and in every instance it has given entire satisfaction. Dr. Louis A. Sayre, after carefully examining the analysis made by the Chemist of the Board of Health of New York City, pronounced the "Bloom of Youth" a harmless preparation, entirely free from any ingredient injurious to the Health or Skin.

Beware of Counterfeits.

See that the United States Revenue Stamp is printed on the front label and the name of G. W. Laird is stamped in the glass on the back of each bottle—no other is genuine. Sold by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers. oct4-13t

A MAN OF A THOUSAND.

A CONSUMPTIVE CURED.

When death was hourly expected from Consumption all remedies having failed, accident led to a discovery whereby Dr. H. James cured his only child, with a preparation of Cannabis Indica. He now gives this recipe free on receipt of 2 stamps to pay expenses. There is not a single symptom of consumption that it does not dissipate. Night Sweats, Irritation of the Nerves, Difficult Expectoration, Sharp Pains in the Lungs, Nausea at the Stomach, Inaction of the Bowels, and Wasting of the Muscles. Address CRADDOCK & CO., 1032 Race Street, Philadelphia, Pa., giving name of this paper. se27-13t

How to Behave and Shine in Society; The Laws of Courtship and Marriage; The Complete Fortune-Teller, and Dream-Book; How to Write Letters Correctly; Invisible Photographs; Art of Secret Correspondence. All good. Mailed for 15 cents each, or the lot for 75 cents. Address E. THORNTON, Hoboken, N. J. sep6-13t

SLATE MANTELS

ESTABLISHED 1853.

Of the latest and most beautiful designs, and all other Slate work on hand or made to order. Factory and Salesrooms, No. 1210 RIDGE AVENUE. WILSON & MILLER, Philadelphia, Pa. jy12-26t

"DOMESTIC" PAPER FASHIONS.

AGENTS WANTED.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

DOMESTIC SEWING-MACHINE CO., NEW YORK. oct4-13t

50 PRINTED VISITING or ADDRESS CARDS neatly for 25 cents. Send stamp for samples of *latest and best styles. Sure to please.* Agents wanted at once. Outfits 10 cts. FULLER & SEVERANCE, North Bridgewater, Mass. 11

AGENTS WANTED FOR

UNDEVELOPED WEST

OR,

Five Years in the Territories.

The only complete history of that vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific: Its Resources, Climate, Inhabitants, Natural Curiosities, &c. It contains 240 fine engravings of the Scenery, Lands, People, and Curiosities of the Great West, and agents are selling from 15 to 25 copies per day. Address NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., sep27-4t Philadelphia, Pa.

WOMEN MEN, Girls and Boys wanted, to sell our French and American Jewelry, Books, Games, &c., in their own localities. No capital required. Catalogue, Terms, &c., sent FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine. sep20-13t

$100 to 250 per month guaranteed sure to Agents everywhere selling our new seven strand WHITE PLATINA CLOTHES LINES. Sells readily at every house. Samples free. Address the Girard Wire Mills, Philadelphia, Pa. sep20-cow13t

$72.00 EACH WEEK.—Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. aug30-26t

$250 A MONTH can be made selling our new Novelties. Male Agents wanted. For terms and circulars, address with stamp, *Pittsburgh Supply Co.*, Pittsburgh, Pa. je28-26t

MAGIC OR INVISIBLE PHOTOGRAPHS.—Wonderful and Amusing. 25 cents, post-paid. Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal St., New York. de28-52t

$5 to $20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments or all the time than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. nov16-52t

RUPTURE

Relieved and Cured by Dr. Sherman's Patent Appliance and Compound. Office, 697 Broadway, N. Y. Send 10c. for book with photographic likenesses of cases before and after cure, with the Henry Ward Beecher case, letters and portrait. Beware of travelling impostors, who pretend to have been assistants of Dr. SHERMAN. He has no agents. sep20-8t

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption.

The few compositions, which have won the confidence of mankind and become householdwords, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvellous cures, that have won for it a confidence in its virtues never equalled by any other medicine. It still makes the most effectual cures of *Coughs, Colds, Consumption*, that can be made by medical skill. Indeed the Cherry Pectoral has really robbed these dangerous diseases of their terrors, to a great extent, and given a feeling of immunity from their fatal effects that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely precaution. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not. Keep it by you for the protection it affords by its timely use in sudden attacks.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.

THE ELIZABETH INSTITUTE, A BOARDING and Day School for Young Ladies, will reopen September 17, 1873. Apply to Miss N. C. READ, 415 North Broad St., Elizabeth, N. J. sep20-4t

IMPERISHABLE FRAGRANCE.

MURRAY & LANMAN'S CELEBRATED

Florida Water,

The richest, most lasting, yet most delicate of all perfumes, for use on the

HANDKERCHIEF,
At the TOILET,
And in the BATH.

As there are imitations and counterfeits, always ask for the Florida Water which has on the bottle, on the label, and on the pamphlet, the names of MURRAY & LANMAN, without which none is genuine.

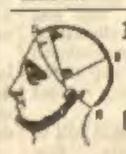
For sale by all Perfumers, Druggists and dealers in Fancy Goods. je14-26t

Instantaneous Relief and Sound, Refreshing Sleep

GUARANTEED BY USING MY

Instant Relief for the Asthma.

It acts instantly, relieving the paroxysm immediately, and enabling the patient to lie down and sleep. I suffered from this disease twelve years, but suffer so more, and work and sleep as well as any one. Warranted to relieve in the worst case. Sent by mail on receipt of price, one dollar per box. Ask your Druggist for it. CHAS. B. HURST, mar1-52t Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa.



R. DOLLARD,
513
CHESTNUT ST.,
PHILADELPHIA,
Premier Artiste
IN
HAIR.

Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC SAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. nov6-cow1y

THE TRUNDLE-BED.

As I rummaged through the attic,
Listening to the falling rain,
As it pattered on the shingles
And against the window-pane;
Peeping over chests and boxes,
Which with dust were thickly spread,
Saw I in the farthest corner,
What was once my trundle-bed.

So I drew it from the recess
Where it had remained so long,
Hearing all the while the music
Of my mother's voice in song.
As she sang in sweetest accents,
What I since have often read;
"Hush my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
That I thought had been forgot,
Came with all the gush of memory,
Rushing, thronging to the spot,
As I wandered back to childhood,
To those merry days of yore,
When I knelt beside my mother,
By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
Placed upon my infant head,
That she taught my lips to utter
Carefully the words she said.
Never can they be forgotten;
Deep are they in memory graven—
"Hallowed be thy name, Oh, Father!
Father! thou who art in Heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me
Of its import great and deep;
After which I learned to utter
"Now I lay me down to sleep;"
Then it was with hands uplifted,
And in accents soft and mild,
That my mother asked "Our Father,
Father; do thou bless my child."

Years have passed and that dear mother,
Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
And I trust her sainted spirit
Praises in the house of God.
But that scene at summer twilight
Never has from memory fled,
And it comes in all its freshness,
When I see my trundle-bed.

LOVE AND HER LOVERS.

BY MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

There are many times when the sun shines on the mountain tops only, leaving the valleys below to gloom and gathering storm. The dweller on the heights walks briskly forward in the bright streaming sunshine, while the wanderer below stumbles wearily through the tangled growth of vine and flowers; but the latter has this to console him, that around him pipes a tender choir of Nature's sweetest singers, the wren and plaintive thrush and modest linnet, while the hill-tops hear nothing but the lark, and now and then the shrill scream of the eagle as he passes on his way upward to the sun.

Olive Bonabel stood combing her flowing tresses out before the glass, with some such vague thoughts as these drifting through her brain. Once she, too, had been a dweller on the heights, had laughed and danced in the sunshine, happy as any girl with youth and health and beauty can hope to be. Then she had made a sudden descent into the valley of poverty. She had lost "*everything*," she said; and when a young girl says that you may be sure she includes a lover; some tender dream of girlish romance, which has been all the world to her; of which the hero, flinging off his sweet re chantment, tired of serving her kneeling, maybe, has got on his feet, and as Mr. Thackeray warned us that he would, has walked away.

"Heigh ho!" sighed Olive, giving her hair a last twist about her head. She bound it with a blue ribbon, and then with a last look at herself in the mirror, nodding, as much as to say to the reflection, "good bye, *you!* I'm going to be somebody else now," she opened the door and ran down the stairs.

"Jessie! Jessie!" she called, softly, glancing out on the piazza. "Come, it is time for three o'clock lessons."

But Jessie was not on the portico, and there was no answer to her call. She heard the sound of piano music in the parlor, and she pushed open the door. The room was quite empty; only the player sat there, with bent head, like one near-sighted, drumming on the keys and bringing out long wailing sounds of harmony. Olive gave one staring look at the broad shoulders, the profusion of beard and long curling blonde hair flowing around the musician's neck, and then she stood frightened and still.

A few more bars of the dismal music floated out on the air, and then that subtle instinct which makes us raise our eyes when some one is staring intently at us, caused the player to turn his head and meet the bewildered look in Olive's dark gray eyes. He rose from the instrument, came forward a step or two and then stopped, doubting.

"Olive!" he cried, amazed, incredulous, angry; but at the sound of his voice, as if it had broken the spell which bound her, the young girl turned and fled away through the hall; on through rooms and passages, shutting doors behind her, panting and frightened, just as the nymph fled in the pretty ancient stories when Love pursued her.

But, alas! Love did not pursue Olive now. He stood in the room where she left him, black, indignant, sorrowful.

Olive ran on until she reached the school-room, when she sank into a chair, gasping. Jessie, with a book in her hand stood by the window, drumming on the pane, gaping.

"I want to say my lesson now, Miss Bonabel. I have been waiting a long time; can you hear it? I want to go down to the river afterward. Mamma gave me permission."

Poor Olive took the book, crushing back her sobs. You can guess how dreadful it all was. The lesson was a chapter in geography, about America—why, oh, why, had Ralph Winchester come there, of all places in the world—"the Mississippi river"—he had not thought to meet her, that was certain—"the longest river in the world"—should she ever forget the expression of his face when he recognized her—"empties into the Gulf of Mexico."

The music of the past thus swept in and surged around her dull task and overwhelmed and bewildered her. She was stumbling on, trying to collect her thoughts, listening to Jessie's shrill, unmodulated voice, when there came a sharp rap at the door, and Harry Porter, the young master of the house, walked in.

"Mother asked me to bring this bill to you, Miss Bonabel," he said, calmly. "She said you would know what it is. There were some corrections to make which you would understand."

Olive took the slip of paper to the table, bending her head over it. She was used to this sort of work, which was quite out of her line of duties, for Mrs. Porter, engaged with her books and her papers, turned it over to her with suspicious readiness. "Olive, dear, you are quick at reckoning; won't you run this over?" or "Olive, child! here is another of those dreadful accounts. Won't you please see if it is all right?" till it got to be quite a matter of course that Olive should do it.

She ran her eyes over the figures, glancing up and down the columns. Six and seven are thirteen, and five are seventeen. She put the figures down with a pencil and the next moment blushed, seeing her mistake. She ran them over and over in her mind, but they seemed to come to nothing. There was a dull pain in her head, and she put her hand up wearily. The young man standing by the door watched her closely.

"I see you are not well, Miss Bonabel. Let me take the bill. Don't trouble yourself farther. Some other time will do."

"No, no," cried poor Olive, blushing painfully. "I am quite well. I will finish it in a moment." She gave it a few more touches with her pencil and then rose from the table. "It is all right now, I believe."

Harry took the paper, folding it carefully, and then called Jessie who was lolling in the window.

"Take this to mother, Jessie. Stay with her while she sees if it is right."

As Jessie, glad to be released, went springing and shouting down the stairs, Harry turned to Olive, who looked rebellious and half-inclined to follow her pupil. The young fellow's face was sad and gloomy; his voice trembled when he spoke.

"I think I ought to tell you, Olive, I have a visitor here—Captain Ralph Winchester. He came quite unexpectedly this afternoon."

"I know," said Olive, pressing her hand to her side. "I saw him in the parlor when I came down just now."

"He told me," said poor Harry, his voice quivering with jealous suspicion. "He was not quite sure it was you. You ran away."

Olive stood with bent head, trembling. She drew the blue ribbon of her dress through her slim, cold fingers, unable to say a word, while Harry stood with his back against the door.

"Won't you let me go?" she said at last, wistfully. "I am tired."

"Why didn't you tell me you knew Captain Winchester?" Harry burst out at last. "Why did you run away from him? He seemed greatly agitated. What is it all about?"

"There is nothing to tell," answered Olive, sadly. "I ran away from him because—because I did not wish to see him. I met him two years ago; that summer when I was sick, in Perth Amboy. He was there, too; he was very kind, but I thought he had forgotten me. Indeed—indeed, I hoped he *had* forgotten me. He should not be agitated. I dare say he was not."

"And you don't wish to see him?" cried Harry, grasping her cold hands. "Tell me truly—you won't go away with him. I have some doubts which I can't explain. But you promise me you won't go away with him?"

"No, no," said Olive, opening her gray eyes wide and full of tears. "I shall not see him. I am going down to the river now. Oh, please let me go! How cruel you are."

Her cheeks flushed burning red; her hands were hot and trembling, as she clasped them weakly together, pushing against his arm. He drew her gently to his side, putting back her fair, loosened hair with a woman's tender touch.

"You promise not to leave me," he said. "I'll try and be satisfied with that. Go down to the river now; through the back yard—no one will see you then."

He ran down the front stairs to join his guest, while Olive, hand-in-hand with Jessie, slipped out under the trees, glad to take her fevered heart and head into the cool air.

The sun was just dropping behind the low western hills when she came back. Jessie ran to the granary to get some handfuls of corn for her chickens next morning, while Olive, feeling infinitely rested, leaned against the gate, waiting. A dull red light flowed down from the hills over the earth; a few dried, scentless leaves fluttered over her head; the crickets chirped, and "whip-poor-will! whip-poor-will!" came in a long, monotonous cry from the distant wood. Olive listened; and as she stood, silent, happy, dreaming, she heard a step behind her. Ah! how well she knew it. She turned her face away.

The intruder, whistling the same dull air he had been playing in the afternoon, came slowly forward, then catching sight of the white-draped figure under the trees, stopped suddenly.

"Olive!" whispered Ralph Winchester, cautiously. "Olive, are you here? Is it you?"

The wind, stirring, fluttered her white dress, and glittering, falling hair. Bending forward and peering doubtfully into her face, he saw great tears rise shining in her sweet eyes.

"I did not mean to meet you," she faltered, hardly knowing what to say. "I told Harry so. I ran away."

It was an unfortunate speech. It brought back all the bitter past; all the pain and shame and sorrow that had followed their one brief summer of happiness and love.

"I know you are used to running away," said Captain Winchester, coldly. "You go, and give no explanations. It does not matter."

He turned as if he would have left her, then stopped at sound of a little sob, relenting.

"Why did you leave me?" he asked, in a softer voice. "I should never have gone after you. I should never have sought you to ask you the meaning of your conduct, but surely, now that we have met by accident, you can tell me. Why did you leave me without one word of farewell that summer when you had promised to be my wife?"

Olive twisted her hands in her shawl till the silken fringe knotted around her fingers made them purple.

"I was afraid," she answered, lifting frightened eyes to his. "I had been so happy that summer with you; but I deceived you. You thought I was an heiress—rich—but I was not. When you told me your sister's name I knew she would know the truth, that I was only a poor governess. She had been here to visit Mrs. Porter; and when you said she was coming to see you, I did not dare to stop and face the truth. I could not bear the exposure. I was afraid to tell you, and so I ran away."

He stood quite silent, looking down at her. His eyes seemed to make sparks of flame as she stood before him, weak with shame, quivering, hoping for mercy. He drew a long breath.

"That was all!" he said, slowly. "Falsehood and cowardice. What had I ever done, or said, that you should fear to tell me the truth—and such a truth! Did you think I wanted you for fancied riches? Child! child! did you not know how I loved you—*you*, not your money!"

He grasped her arm as she shrank away with a faint cry.

"I had seen other women, women with fair faces like yours, but with cold hearts and calculating brains behind them. But you, Olive! you were so dainty, sweet, so unspoiled, so child-like! I loved you, oh, how I loved you!"

His grasp tightened on her arm, and then flung it away.

"Go! you can go now. I know the truth, and God forgive you for spoiling a man's life."

Olive remained stunned for a moment, looking after him as he strode away. Then she ran forward, her shawl dragging, her feet stumbling on the uneven path.

"Oh, do not leave me with such cruel words. Forgive me—only say that you forgive me. I was only a weak, foolish girl—wicked, if you will, but I loved you! I loved you! Do not be so hard."

She caught his hand, clinging to it with a passion of tears.

"You were only a weak, foolish girl! and yet you could tell me a lie; you could go on calmly deceiving me day after day. You promised, with tender kisses, one day to be my wife; and the next day you left me without one word of good-bye. Olive! Olive! I could have borne all the rest. I loved you so well that I would have forgiven you all; but for two long years you have lived, and sent me no token of regret or love. If the weak and foolish girl could do that, what would the wise and calculating woman not be capable of?"

His voice was husky with passion and remembered griefs as he broke away from her. She staggered back, falling on the wet grass under the nodding shrubbery. Half an hour later—it seemed to her that a whole night must have passed—she dragged herself up to the door, and sat chilled and shivering on the steps. Harry came running down, looking anxiously right and left, searching for her.

"Oh, you are here!" he cried, bending over her. "I could not find you. Did you know Ralph had gone? Did you see him?"

"Only a few moments, by the gate," Olive answered, in a dull way. "I believe I am very tired. My head seems confused."

"What did he say?" asked Harry, eagerly. "You are not going away with him, Olive. He seemed very much disturbed. Promise me you will not go away with him."

"No, I am not going away with him," she answered, looking at him in a strange way. "He was very cold—he said some harsh things to me." Then she broke out wildly, crying, "Don't speak to me again. I am not fit to be trusted. I am false, unworthy of love or confidence. Ralph said so!"

"He said that, did he?" flashed out Harry, in a rage. "How dared he? Well for him I was not there. But come in, poor child; you are wet with dew, and shaking. You will be ill."

He, good fellow, patient, generous, loving, drew her into the house, and helped her up the stairs to her room. She did not leave it again for many days. A low, nervous fever had got hold of her and she lay in her little bed, sick, burning with heat, tired and sad, feeling utterly alone in the world. She scrawled a little pathetic note to Captain Ralph, penitent and pleading. "Forgive me! forgive me!" was her prayer. She sent it by Jessie. And then turned her face on her pillow, hardly caring whether she was to live or die.

No answer came to her message; but there was love enough all about her. Jessie hung over her, and brought her tea and toasted scraps of bread. Harry prowled about the house, forlorn, going away only to bring wine, or fruit, or some dainty delicacy. Even Mrs. Porter left her books and papers to sit by the sick girl's side, reading now and then passages out of her favorite authors.

So she lived, and crept down to the parlor two weeks afterward, a thin, white ghost of a girl, with wan face and sweet sad eyes. There was much rejoicing over her; a sort of festival in the house. But in the midst of it, a grand carriage drove up to the door; a grand lady, with rustling draperies, descended from it—and came into the house, asking, hurriedly, for Miss Bonabel.

"My brother, Captain Ralph Winchester, is very sick," she said. "He keeps asking for you. He is going to die, the doctors say."

Tears came into her beautiful eyes. She put her hand in her pocket and drew out poor Olive's pleading scrawl of a letter.

"Did you write this? Oh, God bless you, if you did. You love him, and you will go to him; perhaps you may save his life. He asks for you all the time. He will not listen to any of us!"

"Miss Bonabel is not able to go out. She, too, has been quite sick. It will be at the risk of her life if she goes. You can see for yourself that she is not fit for such exertion."

Harry spoke stiffly—looking at Olive with passionate love and pleading in his eyes. But she put her soft hands tenderly in his.

"Dear Harry! he is dying. Let me go to him. Perhaps he will forgive me, now, on his death-bed. I will come back again."

It all seemed like a dream to Olive, riding through the country streets till she came to Mrs. Caxton's grand house. It seemed like a dream, too, when she stood by Ralph's bedside, and bending over kissed him softly.

You have read the beautiful old story, how sweet Alcestis kissed her dear lord's lips and stretching herself by his side, when he was sick, gave her life for his. You may be sure Olive would have done the same thing, had it been possible; but the sacrifice was not required of her. Here, too, the gods were pitiful, and brought the loved one back to joyful life.

Poor Harry, waiting in his darkened home, felt the truth. He knew that when Olive came back, she would only come to say good bye, and leave him forever. The carriage brought her one day, with Ralph and his sister.

Olive flitted from room to room, shrinking away from Harry's sad eyes. Jessie clung to her, crying. Mrs. Porter, with her pen in hand, kissed Olive's cheek, saying—

"You were a good girl: we shall miss you."

Even the briars thrust out their long arms as she went down the walk, and caught her dress, trying to keep her. Everything seemed to be begging her to stay.

"Olive! Olive!" called Ralph, impatiently, from the carriage.

"Dear me, we are keeping the horses waiting!" said Mrs. Caxton, getting in.

And Olive, looking back, met Harry's pale face, full of reproach and love; and the sight haunted her long afterward. She hardly knew whether she was happy or not.

Had she done well? Ah, who shall say. The love of two brave hearts had been given her. She took her choice, and riding away, left behind her poor Harry's saddened, lonely life. To some shall be given and others not. In some places there seems to be a great waste of emotion; while in others, lonely hearts are waiting, crying in the night.

"I weep," said the old monk Bendith, in his cell; "I weep because Love goes about unloved!"

And is not the divine goddess as much alone now as she was six hundred years ago? "I am Love," she says, weeping, "and I am all alone in the world!"

Sometimes Pity takes compassion on her, and folds her in her arms; but for the most part love is all alone in the world.

THE LINE MUST BE DRAWN SOMEWHERE!

MY LADY.—"And why did you leave your last situation?"

SENSITIVE FOOTMAN.—"Well, my lady, I found as how I couldn't live comfortably in a 'ouse as 'adn't a brown-stone front. It was a-injuring of my repitation, mem."

THE STEEL ANCHOR.

BY JACK RATLIN.

The ship Aurora, a sperm whaler, was bowling along before a ten-knot breeze to the northwest of the Marquesas with everything set to make the most of the gale. The larboard watch was on deck, and the port watch off duty, sat in the fok'sel listening to a yarn from Jack Phelps, a grizzled old whaler, harpooner in the captain's boat. The winds of many a sea had not been kind to Old Jack, and his face was bronzed and tanned to the color of mahogany. An old sea dog, to whom the salt spray and the breath of the northeaster were the spice of life. Rare old Jack! When your day came at last and you sank beneath the blue waves of the limitless Pacific, may we hope that some kind spirit wafted your honest soul to the paradise of the sailor, that celestial harbor where the old salt smokes his pipe and drinks his grog as eternity rolls on. This is a sailor's religion, simple and rude, but the best he knows in his philosophy.

Jack held in his hand a small steel anchor with a "fool" cable, a toy which glittered in the light of the swaying lamp, and a moisture came into his blue eyes as he looked at it.

"Yes, mates," he said, slowly, as he turned the trinket in his hand. "There is a hist'ry connected with this anchor, an' I'll tell ye why I wear it, an' why I mean to wear it until I slip my cable for the last v'yage. An', mates, of any of ye should live to see me planted, whether on sea or shore, this anchor must go with me, for it's the symbol of an old sailor's love.

"It is thirty year ago now, sence I see it first, an' then it glittered on a woman's dress, a woman I loved. Yes, old, rugged, tarry salt as I am, I loved a woman once, an' it was a love as true as if I had been a king an' she a queen. I kin close my eyes an' see Mollie Draper now ez she looked in those days. A sailor's daughter, Mollie was, an' not above me in life, so that I had a right to love her. Her face was like an angel's, pure an' sweet, with a little rose-bud mouth an' eyes like stars, blue as the sea, an' ez *deep*, it seemed to me. I was a youngster then, an ef I do say it, as straight an' good-looking ez the best in Marblehead. I loved her. It don't matter now so much, the grief of it is past, but she never loved me an' never would. She was too pure an' holy for a man like me, but love can't be bought or sold.

"Thar came a young captain to Marblehead to take command of one of 'Post & Imlay's' ships, the Protector. He was a handsome feller, jest the kind of man to make a woman love him, but under that smooth face he hid the heart of a devil. I knowed it, none so well ez Jack Phelps, but what could I say to such ez he? Before a week had passed I met him at Draper's house, an' a month arter I could see in Mollie's eyes when they met, that I had no hope.

"I'm a man, boys, ef a rough one. I didn't lay it up agin her because she loved another man best, or agin him because he won her. But I went out under the stars an' swore that ef he ever used her ill I'd hev his life. I didn't trust him, ye see. Thar was something in his face I could read ef others couldn't, and I was afeard for her. It soon got to be the talk of the place that they was to be married soon, an' I shipped then for a sealing trip. I couldn't bear to stay an' see her another man's wife. The night before I went I met them walkin' arm-in-arm, an' this little anchor was shining on her bosom.

"I stopped an' looked at them, an' I had to speak.

"'Mollie,' I said, 'You know me, an' you know I'll keep my word. Ef you are in trouble and want help, send the anchor to me an' I'll come back.'

"He laughed such a bitter, cruel laugh, an' Mollie never said a word. I was on board ship in an hour, an' two hours later we up anchor an' headed away for the north.

"Two years after, when I was in New Bedford, a man came and put the anchor in my hand an' went away. I went to Marblehead an' found her wasting away like a lily on the stalk. Captain Fletcher had won her love and left her, an' from that hour she never saw his face or heard from him. An' now she lay a-dyin'.

"'I never knew your worth before, John,' she said, softly. 'Stay by me until I am dead, and then take the anchor and search for him. Put it in his hand, and tell him Mollie Draper sent it from the edge of the grave.'

"I saw her buried and went away. From that hour I was always on the look-out for that man. I knowed I'd meet him sooner or later, an' yit it seemed as of the Master of Life put off the time to give my blood time to cool. Five years after, while our ship was anchored to a floe in the far north, I took a musket an' crossed the field toward the fleet on the other side to borrow some potatoes from one of the skippers. I had on a belt an' a pair of pistols an' I didn't care much for the danger because I was used to the ice. It was a wonderful large ice-field, an' I tramped on from ridge to ridge, an' before long I see a man maybe half a mile away, crossing the ice toward me. He come nearer and nearer, an' my heart give a great leap, for it was Captain Fletcher, looking ez han'some an' young ez ever. He didn't know *me*, bless you. Wind and storm had changed me so that my own mother would hardly hev known her son.

"'Hallo, my man,' he cried, 'where away?'

"'I'm going over to the fleet,' I said, trying to keep cool. 'I want some potatoes for our captain.'

"'What ship?'

"'The Sea Lion—Marblehead.'

"'Look out for the Mollie Draper, then, and tell the mate Captain Fletcher sent you, and tell him, too, to send a sled and three or four men to take the potatoes over.'

"He had dared to name his cursed ship after her then.

"'Would you mention that name again, capt'n?'

"'The Mollie Draper.'

"'Might I ask ef thet is the name of a lady; your wife, perhaps?'

"'My wife! No, no; my wife is another sort of woman. A simple fisher girl this one, with whom I whiled away a month at Marblehead years ago. I don't know where she is now, the pretty dear.'

"I snatched the anchor from my breast an' put it in his hand, crying—

"'You dog, you villain! Mary Draper sends you this from the edge of the grave.'

"He dropped the anchor as if it burned him, an' it glittered on the snow between us. He know me, knew that I follered him, an' read death in my eyes.

"'Fair fighting!' I yelled. 'I'm Jack Phelps, an' I'll hev yer life.'

"I held the pistols toward him by the muzzles, an' he took one without a word. We cocked them, stepped back an' fired. I felt his ball plough through my shoulder, an' knowed I'd missed him, but I clubbed my musket an' rushed on. Just then I heard an awful crash, an' I was thrown back twenty feet, while the ice split suddenly, an' Captain Fletcher, with a yell of agony, went down into the cleft. The ice closed in again, an' his wicked life was over. I didn't kill him arter all.

"Mates, I picked up the anchor an' went back to report his death, but did not tell that we had met an' fought. Ez fur my own hurt, my pistol went off by accident—that was all. But I hed done my work, an' Mollie Draper was avenged."

In silence, under the swaying lamp, we drank to the memory of Mollie Draper, and no man dared to question the justice of Captain Fletcher's doom.

THE CHARM OF YOUTH.

BY GLEN CAROL.

There is a nameless charm which youth, alone, possesses—a glory and a grace enfolding it—a dazzling halo, an enchanted atmosphere that enwraps it, and through whose golden mist is viewed the world. All things are taken for granted. What is fair to the sight is looked upon and believed in, with never a doubt, never a fear. Calm skies, and deeply blue, with scarce one flitting, fleecy cloud, and sunshine, sunshine everywhere! And oh! the flowers that blossom thick and sweet—culled by careless hands, crushed by light footsteps! Ye bloom but once, *but once*, fair fragrant flowers! So trusting is youth—it will not question what it *wishes* true—will not see a fault, but rather finds it a virtue to adore. Upon the site of ruined towers it rears its airy castles high—secure and firm they must stand, though their foundation lie but shifting sand. No beating storm, no tempest's shock shall touch these glittering walls! Is not the *sunshine everywhere?* Free, and light of heart, untouched even by the shadow of care, youth dreams not that these halcyon days can ever have an ending.

Too soon, too soon they pass; and where those fair blossoms grew, spring sharp thorns thick and fast. Where are the forms of truth and loveliness, once wildly worshipped? Where the statue of Faith, fair, pure and holy? And Hope, the beautiful one, hath she fled the earth forever? Make answer, heart, that hath lived to see youth, with her thronging train of angel visitants depart—that hath borne so many a woe thou scarce canst throb aright! Make answer, Life, whose morning was so fair—whose early promises lie wrecked upon a far-off shore! Oh! Youth, whose presence was so fair, whose memory we still so fondly cherish, no sharper pang can touch our hearts than this—to know that thou art lost to us forever!

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces payment of the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

We cannot undertake to answer questions relating to the acceptance or rejection of manuscripts in this column. And there is no occasion of writing to ask whether we will examine a manuscript: send it on, and we will examine it; keeping a copy, to avoid all danger of loss—as we do not hold ourselves responsible for the safe return of manuscript.

A SUBSCRIBER writes: "Please answer as soon as possible. What course should a woman pursue, should she find by chance that the husband, whom she thought was true to her, was corresponding with a young lady? The young lady writing rather lovingly, asking him for his photograph, and writing poetry. What is your opinion of the lady? and of the husband?" Our opinion is that their intentions may be all very innocent, and that nothing would be gained by the wife's making a scene about it. She had better keep her knowledge to herself, and strive to win him back by being a better wife to him than ever. There is nothing to show in what you say that your husband has ceased to love you in any degree, and you may be making yourself unhappy without any sufficient cause.

KATE, (West Virginia,) asks: "Will you please answer me the following questions: 1st. Why do they have no twilight in India? As I understand it, it grows dark as soon as the sun sets there. 2d. Is there any way to preserve leaves after they have turned in the fall? Some persons say they can be kept all winter without withering; and I would like to know how to prepare them, if you please." 1st. They do not appear to have long twilight anywhere in the tropics. This condition is a result of their position in relation to the sun. We should imagine that where the sun sinks directly and rapidly below the horizon, the twilight would be short; but where, as with us in the summer, its motion is inclined to the horizon, so as to much decrease the rapidity of its perpendicular descent, the twilight would be proportionately longer. 2d. We believe they can be preserved by pressing. Skillful botanists preserve their plants by pressing them in a book, with porous leaves. The leaves of the book extract the moisture from the plants, and by changing them every day to a new place in the book they become perfectly dried, while retaining their colors. Autumn leaves can, we think, be prepared in the same manner.

MARIA, (Harmony,) asks: "1st. Will you please tell me what acid and what oxide you would put together to make the salts of lime? I have consulted one or two Chemistrys, but could find no answer to my question, therefore, have applied to you, the infallible answerer. 2d. How is my writing?" 1st. We do not understand what special salts of lime you refer to. The most common salts of lime are the sulphate and the phosphate, sulphuric and phosphoric acids respectively being combined with lime, which is itself the oxide of the metal calcium. Sulphate of lime is known under two principal forms, alabaster and gypsum. It also occurs crystallized in the mineral selenite. Phosphate of lime is the universal basis of all bones and horn. It occurs in nature as the principal constituent of the mineral apatite. 2d. Your writing is moderately good.

A. E. B., says: "If you can afford it, it would be an accommodation to the subscribers to the Post if you would send our postmaster a copy. Several times he has opened my Post, and had it half worn out before I would get it. Don't you think he ought to have one?" I believe you ought to give him a short editorial. It was reported that the Natural Bridge of Virginia was tumbling up, was slacking and falling to pieces. Is this the case?" He seems inclined to be [illegible] in fact as well as in name. We cannot find fault with his good taste, though we do not like his idea of mourning. We can only hope that he will read this article on the subject. It may do him some good. If not, you should speak plainly to him. It is a duty you owe yourself, not to permit yourself to be imposed upon. If declined to do this, you should complain to the Post Office Department at Washington. The Natural Bridge is not tumbling up, and will not until a fire fierce enough to consume the eternal rocks shall envelope it. It is composed of hard, solid stone, which can neither burn nor slack. Of course it is subject to the natural wear of all rock structures, and this may possibly destroy it, in the course of several millions of years. The report about it was a foolish hoax.

P. R., (Liberty, N. Y.,) writes: "I see you are a source of relief to so many, please be so kind as to answer my questions. 1st. Which is the arm that should be offered to a lady, in escorting her at a party to supper? 2d. What is the distance from New York to Liverpool? 3d. What is the average price of land in the lower part of Delaware? 4th. What is the proper way of addressing a lady in asking her to ride with you?" 1st. In the days of chivalry, from which many of our rules of etiquette descend, it was often necessary to offer one arm in courtesy to the lady and keep the other free for her defence. Those the left arm was usually offered. In our days, however, as the necessity for defence is no longer urgent, it is becoming a matter of no great importance. The right arm, however, is usually offered at a party, and the left in the street. 2d. About 3000 miles. 3d. We do not know. Some land there is almost valueless, while other portions are very productive, the variation in price ranging accordingly. 4th. Any polite phrase, requesting the pleasure of her company in a ride, will answer. As to giving set forms of speech to answer for all occasions, that we cannot undertake to do, as the proper address changes with every change of circumstances. Politeness and courtesy are the only essential requisites.

LITTLE JOE, (Philada.,) asks: "1st. What was the official cost of the Crimean war to France, excluding navy expenses? 2d. During the Franco-Austrian war of 1859, how many soldiers were engaged on the French side? 3d. How many Prussian troops were engaged in the war with Austria in 1866? 4th. How many Prussian troops were in the field during the late Franco-German war? How many other German troops? How many men had France? 5th. How many children has the Emperor of Austria had, and how many are now living? 6th. When was the Prince Imperial born?" 1st. 1,568,000,000 francs was the entire cost. 2d. France had at Solferino 119,000 men. Her whole army probably numbered two or three times this. 3d. Prussia had at Sadowa 220,000 men. Her whole army on a war footing, at that time, was about 600,000. 4th. Prussia opened the war with about 500,000 effective troops. France with 300,000. Prussia had, on a war footing, at that period, 650,000 men, the other German States 170,000. The reserve forces increased these numbers largely, but those of France were greatly on paper, and her army was not largely reinforced with effective troops. 5th. We do not know exactly how many. His two oldest children were daughters, one of whom died young. The third a son, named Rudolph. 6th. The Prince Imperial of France (whom we suppose you mean) was born March 16th, 1856. Several of your questions we have not given, as the answers to them were not readily obtainable. It is not easy to lay hands on all these statistics of the various European governments.

S. K., (Penn's,) does not wish her questions published, though we do not see how we can answer them without virtually publishing them. 1st. You are not called upon to make a return present. This idea, which many entertain, reduces present-giving to a mere matter of purchase and sale, in which both parties read, frequently, in paying for something they do not want. A gift should be accepted as a pledge of the good-will of the giver, and not with the idea that it is a debt which must be repaid as soon as possible. If you chose to make him a gift out of your good-will toward him, that is another matter, but you should not view it in the nature of a return. 2d. Slippers are usually acceptable to gentlemen. They would do as well as anything we can name. 3d. Nothing special ails your writing except that it is rather angular, and somewhat stretchy. It wants rounding and condensing.

RALPH, (Cambridge, O.,) asks: "1st. How large is Blennerhassett's Island, and who owns it at present? 2d. What became of Blennerhassett and his wife? 3d. Is the landscape painter, George L. Brown, still living, and if so, where does he reside? You would greatly oblige me by giving name and residence of any other American artists. 4th. Where can Horne Tooke's Diversions of Purley and Gould Brown's Grammar of English Grammars be obtained, and what is the price of each? 5th. Is Gould Brown still living, and if so, where does he reside? 6th. Should a person on receiving an introduction to a stranger, rise or remain sitting? 7th. Is it correct to say, 'The house is building,' or 'the house is being built?' 8th. Should articles, &c., be addressed to Henry Peterson, No. 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia? 9th. Where does Rosa Bonheur live? 10th. Where can I obtain a cheap engraving of Washington, and also one of Lincoln? 11th What would it cost to travel round the world? 12th. How is my composition?" 1st. It is three miles long, but very narrow. It contains less than three hundred acres. We do not know who owns it. 2d. Blennerhassett died in 1871. 3d. He was, at last advices, living in the neighborhood of Boston. There are numerous artists residing in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. We cannot undertake to give a list of their names. 4th. Any bookseller can supply you. 5th. He died in 1587. 6th. Gentlemen usually should rise. Ladies often are privileged to remain seated. 7th. Richard Grant White contends that the former is the preferable rendering, but the latter is the one usually given by grammarians. 8th. Address "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 319 Walnut street, Philadelphia." 9th. She resides in Paris, where she has charge of the Constitutional School of Design for Young Girls. 10th. From any picture dealer. 11th. That would depend entirely on how a person travelled. We could not name an exact figure. The cost would probably lie between one and two thousand dollars, if travelling with economy and speed. 12th. It is correct.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]